

VERSE, PROSE, & EPITAPHS.

E. B. LEWIN HILL, C.B.



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VERSE, PROSE, AND EPITAPHS

FROM THE

COMMONPLACE BOOK OF LEWIN HILL, C.B.

Verse, Prose, and Epitaphs

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COMMONPLACE BOOK

OF

LEWIN HILL, C.B.

1848—1908

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PREFACE

I BEGAN my Commonplace Book early in the year 1848, a boy of fourteen, and have kept it up ever since.

Boy like, I started with the idea of copying out whatever I admired, but I soon found out that that would not do and learnt to restrict my copying to what I wanted to have at hand and what was not accessible to me.

In the little literary work I have done I have found my Commonplace Book very useful, and had it not been for my records I should have lost sight not only of many well-expressed serious thoughts but of many a quip and quaint turn of phrase, both in verse and prose.

To start a Commonplace Book is usual enough, but I do not know any one else who has kept up such a book for so long as sixty years.

At the suggestion of friends I have made a selection of these extracts in the hope that they may afford pleasant reading to others who, like myself, have no pretence to scholarship.

I may add that I was for forty-three years in the Post Office service. I received my appointment

from Lord Canning in the year 1855, and I had the great advantage of being trained in the service by the then Secretary, my late uncle, Sir Rowland Hill, the author of the system of a Uniform Penny Postage. At the time of my retirement in 1899 I was the Senior Assistant Secretary.

I have been fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of most of the leading Civil Servants of my time as well as of many distinguished men outside the service, but of conversations with them I have never kept a record. It is a great pleasure to me to have still so many friends in my own Department.

An old relative who was compiling family records some years ago asked me to give her a statement of what I myself had accomplished in the Post Office ; but all I was able to write for her was : “ During my long service I have made many mistakes, all of which have been good-naturedly overlooked by my chiefs.”

Accepting Carlyle’s delightful description of us Civil Servants, I subscribe myself “ a dismal creature having the honour to be ”

LEWIN HILL.

May, 1908.

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EPITAPHS

Epitaph on Lewin Hill. Composed by himself at
Brighton, November 25, 1888 :—

Sacred
To the Memory
of
Lewin Hill.

Born 13 January, 1834,
Died . . .

He possibly drew
A wrong inference
From an undoubted fact
When

He said
He was not a bad fellow,
For
He had a good digestion.

Epitaph by Robert Burns (*b. 1759, d. 1796*) :—

In seventeen hundred forty nine,
Satan took stuff to make a swine,
And caist it in a corner ;
But wiley he changed his plan,
And made it suthin like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Horner.

Epitaph on Constantine Sotaris in Tottenham Churchyard, written by Henry Hare Townsend :—

Far from his native Greece the mortal part
 Of Constantine Sotaris here was laid
 Almost ere childhood melted into youth,
 Both wild and free the little Suliote came,
 To England's shores a student and his Soul,
 All knowledge save of evil, with eager joy
 Received ; but chiefly with a Spirit's thirst,
 He drank the waters of immortal life ;
 Meek, holy, calm, the little Suliote died,
 His last breath murmured in his Country's tongue
 The name of Mother. 'Twas a father's death
 (Sad tidings told him in this foreign land)
 First bade him droop. No hand of relatives
 Closed his eyes, yet left he mourners here,
 True friends whom his sweet gentleness had made,
 And one of these inscribes this humble stone.

[NOTE.—The tombstone, after many years' neglect, has been placed in a safe part of the church-yard.—L. H.]

Epitaph in Tottenham Church on Henry Hare Townsend :—

Here lies a man who acted well his part
 On Life's great stage and owned a noble heart ;
 Prompt was his hand the miserable to bless,
 The passport to his bounty was distress.

Clear to the last his mental vision shone,
 And all he loved were loved till life was done.
 Move then with reverence near this hallowed earth,
 And think on Townsend when you think on worth.

[NOTE.—How many a Sunday during service
 have I read and re-read these stately lines !—L. H.]

Epitaph in Highgate Cemetery :—

Life's like a winter's day,
 Some only breakfast and away ;
 Others to dinner stay and are full fed ;
 The oldest one but sleeps and goes to bed.
 Wretched is he that lingereth out the day,
 He who goes soonest has the least to pay.

Epitaph in Harwich Churchyard :—

Edward Lewis, died 24 Oct., 1850. Age 69.

His languishing head is at rest,
 His thinking and aching are o'er ;
 His quiet, immoveable breast
 Is heaved by affliction no more.
 The lids that he seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Are sealed in the sweetest repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep.

[NOTE.—I learnt afterwards from the Vicar that
 the poor fellow suffered from chronic melan-
 cholia.—L. H.]

Epitaph in Egerton Churchyard (Kent) :—

The World is a City,
 Full of crooked streets,
 Death is the market place
 Where everybody meets.
 If life were a merchandise
 That money could buy,
 The rich would live for ever,
 And only the poor would die.

Proposed epitaph on Robert Lowe (afterwards
 Lord Sherbrooke), an able but disagreeable
 man (*b.* 1811, *d.* 1892) :—

Here lie the bones of Robert Lowe ;
 A faithless friend, a bitter foe,
 Who shall pronounce now he is dead,
 Where his unhappy soul hath fled ?
 If to the realms of peace and love,
 Concord no longer reigns above ;
 If he has found a lower level,
 All must commiserate the “devil.”

Epitaph on Bishop Bonner (*b.* 1500, *d.* 1569), the
 cruel persecutor in Queen Mary’s reign :—

[I fancy that this is the most bitter epitaph in the
 English language.—L. H.]

If Heaven be pleased when sinners cease to sin ;
 If Hell be pleased when sinners enter in ;
 If Earth be pleased when she doth lose a knave ;
 Then all are pleased, for Bonner’s in his grave.

Epitaph on a Seller of Periwinkles in Chichester Cathedral :—

Died 1786. Age 71.

Periwink, Periwinkles was ever her cry,
 She laboured to live poor and honest to die,
 At the last day again how her old eyes will twinkle,
 For no more will she cry periwink, periwinkle.
 Ye rich to virtuous want, regard pray give,
 Ye poor by her example learn to live.

Epitaphs in Ledbury Churchyard :—

In Memory of John Heath, Cooper of this Town,
 known to be paralyzed in natural genius and many
 other things ; but leaving this simple world, in the
 hope of a better, he died.

When young he was beloved of all who knew him
 But growing old and poor they all forsook him ;
 But God his Father and his Friend
 Did still regard him to the end.

The world's fashion defied ;
 Our Lord's passion applied ;
 His bliss in this denied :
 Old Richard Hayward died.

The late Sir William Hunter quoted the following
 epitaph which he saw in Ledbury Church-
 yard :—

“ Under this place lie several inhabitants of this
 Parish. Further particulars the Day of Judgement
 will disclose.”

Epitaph in Chester Cathedral (copied by me).

Evidently composed by the Family Lawyer :—

John Vernon of Beech Hill, Cheshire, Gentleman.

Departed this Life in 1797.

Polite, learned, ingenious, upright ;
 To the best of husbands,
 Ann, his afflicted relict
 Erected this.

Epitaphs in Holme Churchyard, Dartmoor :—

Here lies poor old Ned,
 On this last mattress bed,
 During life he was honest and free
 He knew well the Chace,¹
 But has now run his last race
 His name was Ned Collins
 D'ye see.

Died 1780. Age 77.

Edward Hewett.

Died 5th January, 1823. Age 78.

Pray stop a foot and stay an eye ;
 As you are now so once was wee,
 As we are now so ye must be ;
 Prepare for God and follow wee.

[NOTE.—Devonshire folks constantly use “we” for “us” and “us” for “we.”—L. H.]

¹ The local name for the moors.

John Easterbrook, died 17 March, 1789. Age 72.

Then cease your tears our loving friends ;
Nor mourn too much for wee ;
The death that nip't us in the Spring
"Twas God's fixed decree.

Anna Hamlyn, Died 14 Nov., 1790. Age 14.

In bloom of life I was cut down ;
To meet cold death without a frown.

Epitaphs in King's Pyon Churchyard, Herefordshire :—

J. Reynolds, Age 63. Died 1860.

Weep not for me my wife and children dear ;
I am not dead but sleeping here,
The loss is great that you sustain,
But hope in heaven to meet again.

[NOTE.—The deceased evidently took a cheerful view of his own case.—L. H.]

Died 1810. Age 49. A Husband.

Here lies the only comfort of my life
Who was the best of Fathers and husband to a wife,
Since he is not, no joy shall I now have,
Till laid beside him in the silent grave.
Then shall we sleep and peacefully remain,
Till by God's power we meet in Heaven again.

[NOTE.—After all the wife was not buried with her husband. Perhaps she married again. Why not ?—L. H.]

Epitaph in Youlgrave Churchyard, Derbyshire :—
 Sacred to the Memory of Samuel Taylor who died
 Janry. 14, 1848. Aged 72.
 [He was Parish Organist.]

To the downbow of Death,
 His Forte gave way,
 All the Graces in sorrow were drowned ;
 Hallelujah crescendo,
 Shall be his glad lay,
 When “ Da Capo ” the Trumpet shall sound.

Epitaph in Boscastle Churchyard, Cornwall :—

Robert Tower, Mariner, Died 1822. Age 87.

Though boisterous winds and billows too
 Have tossed me to and fro ;
 By Heaven’s command, in spite of both,
 I’m resting here below.
 Here at anchor now I lie,
 With many of our fleet,
 One day I hope to sail again,
 Our Saviour for to meet.

Extract from a suggested epitaph on the late Lord Westbury (*b. 1800, d. 1873*), at one time Lord Chancellor :—

He abolished the ancient method of Conveyance,
 The time honoured institution of the Insolvent
 Court,
 And the Eternity of Punishment,
 Towards the close of his Earthly Career,

In the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council,
 He dismissed Hell with Costs,
 And took away from the Orthodox Members of the
 Church of England,
 Their last hope of Eternal Damnation.

Old epitaph in the Parish Church of Margaretting,
 Essex :—

Shee on this dayen pillow
 Layed her head,
 As birdie do use though
 First to go to bed.
 He mist her soon and
 Yet ten months he tryes,
 To live apart but liked
 It not and dyes.

Epitaph in Alderney Churchyard, Channel Islands :—

In loving Memory of William Scott,
 Late Commander in the service of the Alderney
 Steampacket Company,
 Now with Christ which is much better.

Epitaph on Professor Clifford (*b. 1834, d. 1879*), in
 Highgate Cemetery :—

[I fancy that it was composed by himself. At all events it records his convictions.—L. H.]

I was not and I was conceived,
 I worked a little ; I am not,
 Grieve not.

Epitaph in Malmesbury Abbey :—

Near this place lieth the body of Thomas Stump,
Gentleman, who departed this Life 3rd April, 1689
A.D.

Oh Death how cruel is thy dart,
To strike the Captaine to ye heart,
Too good he was here to remaine ;
Jehovah took him for to traine.
In Grace his body to remaine,
Till Christ himself doth come again.

[NOTE.—He used the Abbey as a small factory.]

Epigram on the death of Louis XV. (b. 1710,
d. 1774) :—

Ci-gît Louis, dit le quinzième,
Et de bien aimé le deuxième,
Dieu nous préserve du troisième.

Epitaph in Heybridge Churchyard (a village near
Maldon, Essex) :—

William Mc'Arthy. Died 1801.

What faults you saw in me take care to shun,
Look well at home, enough there's to be done.

Epitaph on Mary Burgess. Died December 23, 1825.

Age 58 :—

Reader pass on nor waste your time,
On bad biography or bitter rhyme ;
For what I am this cumbrous clay ensures,
And what I was is no affair of yours.

Epitaph near Appleby Churchyard, Westmorland :—

Here I Thomas Warton do lie,
 With Lucifer ¹ close to my side,
 And Nellie my wife hard by.
 Oh how can I speak without dread ?
 Who could my fortune abide ?
 With one devil close at my head ;
 Another laid near to my side.

[NOTE.—How happy the days when there were parsons of enough wit to allow such epitaphs as these and others I have quoted to be put up !—L. H.]

JENNY THE JUST.

An epitaph on one of his mistresses by Matthew Prior (*b.* 1664, *d.* 1721) :—

1

From some real care but more fancied vexation,
 From a life party coloured, half reason, half
 passion,
 Here lies after all the best wench of the nation.

2

From the Rhine to the Poe, from the Thames to
 the Rhone,
 Joanna or Janiten, Jinny or Joan,
 'Twas all one to her by what name she was known.

¹ His dog.

3

For the idiom of words very little she heeded,
 Provided the matter she drove at succeeded,
 She took and gave languages just as she needed.

4

With a just trim of virtue her soul was endued,
 Not affectedly pious nor secretly lewd,
 She cut even between the coquette and the prude.

5

Her will with her duty so equally stood,
 She seldom opposed, she was commonly good,
 And did pretty well, doing just what she would.

6

Declining all power, she found means to persuade,
 Was then most regarded when most she obeyed,
 The mistress in truth when she seemed but the
 maid.

7

Her thought still confined to its own little sphere,
 She minded not who did excel or did err,
 But just as the matter related to her.

8

Some parts of the Bible by heart she recited,
 And much in historical chapters delighted,
 But in points about faith she was somewhat short-
 sighted.

So notions and modes she referred to the schools,
And in matters of conscience adhered to two rules,
To advise with no bigots and jest with no fools.

And scrupling but little, enough she believed,
By charity ample small sins she retrieved,
And when she had new clothes she always received.

Retire from this sepulchre all the profane,
You that love for debauch or that marry for gain,
Retire lest ye trouble the remains of Jane.

SIR HENRY WOTTON (*b. 1568, d. 1639*).

Wotton was buried, in accordance with his wishes, in Eton College, of which he was the provost up to the time of his death, and his tombstone bears the following epitaph composed by himself, viz :—

“Here lies the first author of this sentence : ‘The Itch of Disputation will prove the Scab of the Church.’”

Wotton, who was a zealous member of the Church of England, had been greatly impressed during his many residences on the Continent with the dangers which the Reformers ran in their struggle with the Church of Rome through their endless disputes among themselves.

VERSE

EPIGRAMS

On Sir Roger Phillimore (*b.* 1810, *d.* 1885) and his brother George Phillimore :—

When nature dreamt of making bores,
She formed a brace of Phillimores ;
Sooner than make a Phillimost,
Nature herself would yield the Ghost.

TO FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Found scratched on a milk jug in a farmhouse in Somersetshire :—

To forgive and forget is a maxim of old,
I've learnt but one half of it yet,
The theft of my heart I can freely forgive,
But the thief I can never forget.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

Waste not, want not, is well for the world,
Though the proverb is not to my taste ;
For the moment the banner of dancing's unfurled,
All I want, my dear Girl, is your waist.

By our Parson perplext,
How shall we determine ?
Watch and pray says the text,
Go to sleep says the Sermon.

LORD BYRON (*b. 1778, d. 1824*) AND
MR. CAM HOBHOUSE.

Addressed by Lord Byron to Mr. Cam Hobhouse, who was put into prison by the House of Commons for seditious language, and who on his liberation was elected to Parliament by the electors of Westminster :—

If you'd go to the House through the true gate,
Even more quick than Whig Charlie¹ went,
Let Parliament send you to Newgate,
And Newgate send you to Parliament.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson on Mr. J. Galloway Weir, member for Ross and Cromarty, a rather loquacious M.P. :—

As daily Weir with questions queer,
The Notice Paper crams,
I wonder ere did ever Weir,
Produce so many dams.

Epigram on the marriage of a Mr. Day with a Miss Week delivered by a guest at the wedding breakfast :—

A Day the more a Week the less ;
But let us not complain ;
There'll soon be little Days enough,
To make a Week again.

¹ Viz., Charlie James Fox.

J. Russell Lowell on W. E. Gladstone in 1893 :—

His greatness not so much in genius lies,
As in adroitness when occasions rise,
Lifelong convictions to extemporise.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

By C. W. Cutter (*b. 1801, d. 1865*).

[I copied this from an American newspaper and have never seen it in print elsewhere.—L. H., 1851.]

I

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein ;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.

2

How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight,
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might
And the pride of human power !

3

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along a snail-like band
Or waiting the wayward breeze,

When I watched the peasant faintly reel,
 With the toil which he daily bore,
 As he feebly turned at the tardy wheel,
 Or tugged at the weary oar,

When I witnessed the panting courser's speed,
 The flight of the carrier dove,
 As they bore a law of the king decreed
 Or the lines of impatient love,

I could not but think how the world would feel
 As these were outstripped by far,
 When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
 Or chained to the flying car.

Ha, ha, ha, they found me at last,
 They invited me forth at length,
 And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast
 And laughed in my iron strength.

Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change,
 On the earth and ocean wide,
 Where now my fiery armies range,
 Nor wait for wind and tide.

Hurrah, hurrah, the waters o'er
 The mountains steep decline,
 Time, space, have yielded to my power,
 The world, the world is mine.

The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
 Or those where his beams decline,
 The giant streams of the glorious West
 Or the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
 To hear my strength rejoice,
 And the monsters of the briny deep
 Cower trembling at my voice.

I carry the wealth of the lord of the earth,
 The thoughts of the godlike mind,
 The wind lags after my flying forth,
 The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless main,
 My tireless arm doth play,
 Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
 Or the dawn of the glorious day.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
 In all the shops of trade ;
 I hammer the oar, I drive the wheel,
 Where my arms of strength are made.

I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
 I carry, I spin, I weave ;
 And all my doings I put into print,
 On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay,
 No bones to be laid on the shelf ;
 And soon I intend you may go and play,
 While I manage the world by myself.

But harness me down with your iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein ;
 For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
 As a tempest scorns a chain.

[*NOTE.—*How little the poet thought of electricity and the marvellous uses to which it is now put when he wrote these spirited verses ! Who dreamt some sixty years ago what was going to happen ?—L. H., January, 1908.]

WOMAN.

(Extract from a Sanscrit Poem.)

“The Demiurge after creating the world and man, saw that he had no solid element remaining,

Therefore he took the roundness of the moon,
The curves of the creeping plant,
The embrace of the vine branch,
The tremor of the grass,
The slenderness of the reed,
The brilliancy of the flower,
The lightness of the leaves,
The tapering thinness of the elephant’s trunk,
The shudder of the clustering bees,
The gladness of the sunbeam,
The tears of the clouds,
The caprice of the winds,
The softness of the parrot’s throat,
The hardness of the diamond,
The sweetness of the honey,
And the cruelty of the tiger,
The heat of the flame,
And the coldness of the snow,
The cackle of the jay,
The mockery of the cuckoo,
The hypocrisy of the crane,
The faithfulness of the wild duck,

And mixing all these things together, made them into woman and gave her to man.”

THE PALANQUIN BEARERS.

By Sarojani Maidu, a young native lady of Hyderabad, who was sent by the Maharajah to England to complete her education.

I

Lightly, oh lightly, we bear her along,
 She sways like a flower on the wind of our song,
 She shines like a bird on the foam of a stream,
 She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream,
 Gaily, oh gaily, we glide and we sing,
 We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

2

Softly, oh softly, we bear her along,
 She hangs like a star on the dew of our song,
 She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide,
 She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride,
 Lightly, oh lightly, we glide and we sing,
 We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

CLEANLINESS.

From Divan of Jalal ud din Rumi (quoted by a Yusuf Ali in his work on India).

Outer threshold ever clean,
 Clean within let all things stand.

House all clean might entertain,
 Angels from the Heavenly Land.

Clean the food and clean the cup,
Clean the wall from smoking brand.

Son, thy outward cleanliness,
Pledge of inward is, when scanned.

Clean let hand and mouth be kept,
Clean thy garment's every strand.

THE HUNT IS UP.

(Date, Henry VIII.'s Reign.)

I

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady free !
The sun has risen from his prison,
Beneath the glittering sea.

2

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady bright !
The morning lark is high to mark,
The coming of daylight.

3

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady fair ;
The kine and sheep but now asleep,
Browse in the morning air.

4

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
 Awake, my lady gay,
 The stars are fled to the ocean bed,
 And it is now broad day.

5

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
 Awake, my lady sheen ;
 The hills look out and the woods about,
 Are drest in glorious green.

6

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
 Awake, my lady dear ;
 A morn in Spring is the sweetest thing,
 Cometh in all the year.

7

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
 Awake, my lady sweete ;
 I come to thy bower at this loved hour,
 My own true love to greet.

OLD SONG ON LOVE.

(Elizabethan.)

I

Once did my thoughts both ebb and flow,
 As passion bade them move ;
 Once did I hope, straight fear again,
 And then, I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,
 And tell how minutes move ;
 Once did I wishing wait the day,
 And then, I was in love.

Once by my carving true love knots,
 The weeping trees did prove,
 That wounds and tears were both our lots,
 And then, I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath,
 And in my mistress move ;
 Once I was not mine at all,
 And then, I was in love.

Once wore I bracelets made of hair
 And colours did approve ;
 Once were my clothes made out of wax,
 And then, I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my saints,
 My soul in numbers move ;
 Once did I tell a thousand lies,
 And then, I was in love.

Once in my ear did hang
 A little turtle dove ;
 Once in a word I was a fool,
 And then, I was in love.

FROM MICHAEL DRAYTON (*b. 1563, d. 1631*).

My dearly loved friend,

How oft have we
 In winter evenings (meaning to be free)
 To some well-chosen place us'd to retire,
 And there with moderate meat and wine and fire,
 Have past the hours contentedly with chat,
 Have talked of this and then discoursed of that,
 Spoke our own verses 'twixt ourselves if not
 Other men's lines which we by chance had got,
 Or some stage pieces famous long before,
 Of which your happy memory had store :
 And I remember you much pleased were,
 Of those who lived long ago to heare,
 As well as of those of these latter times,
 Who have enriched our language with their
 rimes.

QUATRAIN.

By Sir Walter Raleigh (*b. 1552, d. 1618*).

M. Jusserand remarks that many of Raleigh's poems, the following verse among them, are those of a man on the eve of death on the scaffold and

before really mounting it ; he lived, in fact, for years under a sentence that might have been enforced any day.

I found myself the cause of all my smarts,
And told myself that I myself would kill ;
Yet, when I saw myself to you was true,
I loved myself because myself loved you.

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

By James Shirley (*b.* 1596, *d.* 1666).

I

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on Kings ;
Sceptre and Crown must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

2

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still ;
 Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death.

3

The garlands wither on your brow ;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
 Upon Death's purple altar now,
 See where the Victor-victim bleeds :
 Your heads must come to the cold tomb ;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

ODE TO FRANCE.

By Mary Queen of Scots (*b. 1542, d. 1587*).

Adieu.

Adieu, plaisant pays de France ;
 O ma Patrie, la plus chérie,
 Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance,
 Adieu, France, adieu, mes beaux jours,
 Le nef qui déjoint nos amours,
 N'a cy de moi que la moitié,
 Une part, te reste, elle est tienne,
 Je l'a fié à ton amitié,
 Pour que de l'autre elle te souvienne.

COUPLETS BY SIR RICHARD BURTON
(*b. 1821, d. 1890*).

Do what thy manhood bids thee do, from none but
 self expect applause,
 He noblest lives and noblest dies who makes and
 keeps his self-made laws ;

All other life is living death, a world where none
but phantoms dwell,
A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice, a tinkling of the
camel bell.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD, USUALLY SPOKEN
OF AS "WHO FEARS TO SPEAK OF NINETY-
EIGHT ?" BY JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

Mr. Ingram, who died in 1907, was a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and in his later life it is said much regretted having in his youth published the poem, as his views became strongly opposed to revolution.

I

Who fears to speak of ninety-eight ?
Who trembles at the name ?
When cowards mock a patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head in shame ?
He's all a knave or half a slave,
Who treats his country thus ;
But true men like you men
Will fill your glass with us.

2

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few ;
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland too.
All, all, are gone, but still lives on
The fame of those who died,
And true men like you men,
Remember them with pride.

3

Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary bones have laid ;
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made ;
 But though their clay be far away,
 Beyond the Atlantic foam,
 In true men like you men
 Their spirit's still at home.

4

The dust of some is Irish earth ;
 Among their own they rest ;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast ;
 And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a man may start,
 Of true men like you men,
 To act as brave a part.

RETURNING HEALTH (GRAY, *b. 1716, d. 1771*).

See the wretch that long has tost
 On the thorny bed of pain ;
 At length repair his vigour lost,
 And breathe and walk again ;
 The meanest floweret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are opening paradise.

OXFORD *VERSUS* CAMBRIDGE.

When William III. (*b.* 1650, *d.* 1702) came to the throne the University of Oxford proved recalcitrant, while on the other hand the University of Cambridge heartily welcomed the King, and received as a recognition a present of books from him.

The following interchange of compliments between the two Universities ensued, viz :—

Oxford to Cambridge.

Our gracious King reviewed with equal eye
The wants of either University,
A troop of horse to Oxford sent—for why ?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
He books to Cambridge sent, with like discerning,
Because that loyal body wanted learning.

Cambridge to Oxford.

Our King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force ;
He books to Cambridge sent with like intent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

ENIGMA ON THE LETTER H. (CATHERINE FAN-SHAW, *b.* 1764, *d.* 1834).

'Twas whispered in Heaven, twas muttered in Hell
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell,
On the confines of Earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the Ocean its presence confessed.
'Twill be found in the Sphere when tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder.

'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
 Attends at his birth and awaits at his death ;
 Presides o'er his happiness, honour and health,
 Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth.
 Without it the soldier, the seamen may roam,
 And woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
 In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
 Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned ;
 'Twill soften the heart and though deaf to the ear,
 'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear ;
 But in shade let it rest like a delicate flower,
 Oh, breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE IN SPAIN.

By Charles Wolfe (*b.* 1791, *d.* 1823), the author
 of "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

I

The Chains of Spain are breaking,
 Let Gaul despair and fly :
 Her wrathful trumpets speaking ;
 Let tyrants hear and die ;
 Her standard, o'er us arching,
 Is burning red and far,
 And the soul of Spain is marching
 In thunders to the war.

2

Behold your burning valley ;
 Behold your naked plain ;
 Let us hear their drum ;
 Let them come, let them come ;

For vengeance and freedom rally,
 And, Spaniards, on for Spain,
 Then look around your lovely Spain,
 And say shall Gaul remain ?

3

Remember, remember Barrosa,
 Remember Napoleon's chain,
 Remember your own Saragosa,
 And, Spaniards, on for Spain ;
 Remember your own Saragosa,
 And, Spaniards, on for Spain.

VICTOR HUGO (*b. 1802, d. 1885*) ON KINGS.

O Rois comme un festin s'écoule votre vie ;
 La coupe de grandeur que le vulgaire envie,
 Brille dans vos mains ;
 Mais au concert joyeux de la fête éphémère,
 Se mêle le cri sourd du tigre populaire,
 Qui vous attend demain.

VICTOR HUGO IN EXILE.

(Written in Guernsey during his exile from France
 by Louis Napoleon.)

I

Oui, tant qu'il sera là ; qu'on cède ou qu'on
 persiste,
 France, France, aimée qu'on aime toujours,
 Je ne reverrai pas ta terre douce et triste,
 Tombeaux de mes aieux et nid de mes amours.

Je ne reverrai pas ta terre qui nous tente,
 France, hors de devoir, j'oublierai tout,
 Parmi les éprouvés je planterai ma tente ;
 Je resterai proscrit, voulant rester debout.

J'accepte l'âpre exil, n'eut il fin ni terme,
 Sans chercher à savoir et sans considérer,
 Si quelqu'un a plié qu'on aurait crût plus ferme,
 Et si plusieurs s'en vont qui devaient demeurer.

Si l'on n'est plus que mille eh bien je suis le même,
 S'ils ne sont plus que cent je brave encore Sylla,
 S'ils n'en demeurent que dix je serais le dixième,
 Et s'il n'y a plus qu'un je serais celui là.

CANDOUR.

By George Canning (*b. 1770, d. 1827*) in the
Anti-Jacobin.

Much may be said on both sides. Hark, I hear
 A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear !
 The Voice of Candour : Hail, most solemn sage,
 Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age !
 Candour, which softens party's headlong rage !
 Candour, which spares its foes nor e'er descends,
 With loyal zeal to combat for its friends !
 Candour, which loves in see-saw strains to tell
 Of acting foolishly and meaning well !

Too nice to praise by wholesale or to blame,
 Convinced that all men's motives are the same ;
 And finds with keen, discriminating sight
 That black is not so very black nor white so very
 white.

“ Fox, to be sure, was vehement and wrong,
 But then Pitt's words you'll own were rather strong ;
 Both must be blamed, both pardoned, 'twas just so
 With Fox and Pitt full forty years ago ;
 So Walpole, Pulteney, factions in all times,
 Have had their follies, ministers their crimes.”
 Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
 Bold I may meet perhaps may turn the blow,
 But of all plagues, Good Heaven, thy wrath may
 send,
 Save me, oh save me from the Candid friend !

[NOTE.—I do not know at whom these lines were
 aimed.—L.H.]

CANNING'S VERSION OF LITTLE JACK HORNER.

The youthful Horner rolled the roughish eye,
 Culled the dark plum from out his Xmas pie,
 And said in self-applause “ How good a boy
 am I ! ”

SPANISH REVOLUTIONARY SONG, ABOUT THE YEAR 1850.

Soldados de la Patria ;
 Cartuchos al cañon
 Mueran los enemigos,
 De la constitucion

Que muera, que meura,
 Que muera el malvado
 Que no fuera el soldado
 De la constitución.

Lines from *Punch* on Sir Francis Head, who was a well-known public man and author fifty years ago, and got into discredit for commending Louis Napoleon's Coup d'état in December, 1851 :—

There was a little Bart who took the little part
 Of the man with the bullets of lead, lead, lead ;
 He wrote to the *Times*,
 In defence of the Crimes,
 Unworthy of a heart and a Head, Head, Head.

MANNERS OF FARMERS IN 1792 AND 1822.

1792

The Man to the Plough,
 The Wife to the Cow,
 The girl to the Sow,
 The boy to the mow.

1822

The man tally ho !
 The wife silk and satin ;
 The girl—piano ;
 The boy Greek and Latin.

[NOTE.—I have listened all my life to similar gibes at farmers.—L. H., 1908.]

LORD GREY AS MINISTER FOR THE COLONIES,
1846-1851.

Lord Grey (*b. 1804, d. 1894*), who was the son of the first Earl Grey, was an able, honest but cantankerous man, who made himself very unpopular in the Colonies in general and at the Cape of Good Hope in particular. The following lines reached England from the Cape :—

Mankind had long disputed at the Cape
As to the Devil's colour and his shape,
The Natives all declared that he was white ;
The Colonists that he was black as night ;
But now they split the difference and say
They're all of them quite sure, the Devil's gray.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID (ROBERT BURNS,
b. 1759, d. 1796).

Last two Verses.

I

Then gently scan your brother man,
And gentlier sister woman ;
For though they gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.
The point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it ;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart ? Tis He alone,
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord—its various tone ;
 Each spring its various bias ;
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it ;
 What's done we partly can compute,
 But ken not what's resisted.

EARL RUSSELL (*b.* 1795, *d.* 1878) AND THE
 ADULLAMITES.

[*NOTE.*—When in 1866 Earl Russell brought into Parliament his Bill for a great extension of the suffrage the Bill was opposed by several influential Whigs, who were dubbed (I think by John Bright) inhabitants of the Cave of Adullam.—L. H.]

The following lines appeared at the time, I think, in *Punch* :—

Oh, how I wish I only were
 For one short fortnight Governor Eyre,
 Then would I make haste to hang
 Horsman, Elcho, Lowe, and Laing ;

Caitiffs sent to that dark spot,
 To ears polite I name it not ;
 But, reader dear, you know full well,
 What word their four initials spell.

“WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING.”

Parody by Shirley Brooks (*b. 1816, d. 1874*).

“What are the wild waves saying ?”
 Said a maid with a round straw hat
 On the sands of Margate playing ;
 “Papa, can you tell me that ?”
 But her sire, in grim displeasure,
 No sort of an answer made,
 Till she fetched him a slight refresher
 With the back of her wooden spade.
 Then with a look askance her,
 Her inquiry thus he met :
 “Mind that you keep your answer,
 From your Mother’s ear, my pet.
 Like an arrow shot from the target,
 This message comes through the foam :
 ‘You’re an ass for coming to Margate ;
 You’d better have stayed at home !’”

SONG SUNG ON AN AUSTRIAN MAN-OF-WAR IN
PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR ABOUT THE YEAR 1866.

(The song is set to a fine air.)

I

Lone, lone is the deep,
 Dark, starless the sky,
 Wrecked, onward we sweep ;
 No human aid is nigh.

Hark, vainly the gun
 Peals, telling our fear ;
 No answer comes, none,
 O'er waters dark and drear.

Deep, hollow the boom
 Rolls o'er the main ;
 Rolls on through the gloom ;
 We watch for hope in vain.

Hope vanishes fast ;
 Floods yawn like the grave ;
 Death rides on the blast ;
 Oh, Father, hear and save !

Lord, let us not die
 Here on the lone sea ;
 Lord, pity our cry,
 We have no help but Thee.

[NOTE.—I do not know of any English sailor song so full of sadness and despair.—L. H.]

SURPLICE VERSUS GENEVA GOWN.
 By Thomas Hood (*b. 1799 d. 1845*).

A very pretty public stir
 Is making down in Exeter,
 About the surplice fashion ;

And many a bitter word and rude
 Are interchanged about the feud,
 And much unchristian passion.
 For me, I neither know nor care,
 Whether a parson ought to wear
 A black dress or a white dress ;
 Plagued with the trouble of my own,
 A wife who preaches in her gown
 And lectures in her night-dress.

[NOTE.—The substitution by the clergy of the Church of England of a surplice in the pulpit for the black Geneva gown began about sixty years ago and caused much excitement among Church folks. I remember that the first Sunday at Tottenham Church when a clergyman mounted the pulpit in his surplice, the greater part of the congregation walked out of the church. To this day I, for one, do not know either why the clergy made the change or why the laity objected.—L. H., 1908.]

AN AMERICAN VERSION OF AN OLD ENGLISH
 RHYME.

Thirty days hath September,
 April, June and November ;
 From January up to May,
 The rain it raineth every day ;
 February has eight and twenty,
 All the rest have thirty-one ;
 If any of them had two and thirty,
 They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

Verses by a Chinese student which were published in a Shanghai newspaper about the year 1878 :—

We want no Priest to help us in our need ;
 Priests we have, shaven and unshaven both,
 We want no mumblings of an outworn creed,
 But science we want and knowledge for our
 growth,
 And Rulers brave, unselfish, wise and just,
 To sweep you from the land as whirlwind sweepeth
 dust.

THE SANDWICH ISLES.

(Suggested origin of the name.)

Presents the natives brought of ham and tongue,
 And bread-fruit ready on the branches hung ;
 Pleased with the gift the Navigator smiles,
 And named the happy place The Sandwich Isles.

Song sung by village school children as the squire and his family passed through the village.
 Quoted in *The Spectator* :—

God bless the Squire
 And all his rich relations ;
 And teach us poor people
 To keep our proper stations.

BENJAMIN JOWETT (*b.* 1817, *d.* 1893).

My name is Benjamin Jowett ;
 Whatever is I know it ;
 I'm Master of Balliol College ;
 What I don't know is not knowledge.

A TRIPLET.

Our ingress is naked and bare ;
 Our progress is trouble and care ;
 Our egress is—no one knows where.

A FRENCH BANJO SONG.

Qui veut entendre,
 Qui veut savoir,
 Comment les Français aiment ?
 Ils aiment toujours si tendrement,
 Les Français sont si tendres gens ;
 Qu'on les entend toujours disant,
 O, Mademoiselle, je ne respire que pour toi !
 Tra la, la, Tra la, la, Tra la, la.

2

Qui veut entendre,
 Qui veut savoir,
 Comment les Anglais aiment ?
 Ils aiment toujours si froidement,
 Ils sont toujours si froids gens,
 Qu'on les entend toujours disant,
 Après mon cheval, après mon chien,
 Je vous aime.
 Tra la, la, &c.

Qui veut entendre,
 Qui veut savoir,
 Comment les maris aiment ?
 Les maris sont si brutals gens,
 Et ils aiment si brutalement,
 Qu'on les entend toujours disant,
 Faites le ménage, soignez les enfans
 Moi je vais au théâtre.
 Tra la la, &c

Qui veut entendre,
 Qui veut savoir,
 Comment les femmes aiment ?
 Elles aiment toujours si coquetttement
 Elles sont toujours si coquettes gens,
 Qu'on les entend toujours disant,
 Monsieur, mon Mari s'amuse
 Et moi je m'amuse aussi.
 Tra la la, &c.

Qui veut entendre,
 Qui veut savoir,
 Comment les jeunes filles aiment ?
 Elles aiment toujours si discrètement,
 Elles sont toujours si discrètes gens :
 Qu'on les entend toujours disant,
 O, Monsieur, ne parlez pas si haut,
 Maman vous entendra
 Tra la la, &c.

Qui veut entendre,
 Qui veut savoir,
 Comment les religieux aiment ?
 Ils aiment toujours si pieusement,
 Ils sont toujours si pieux gens,
 Qu'on les entend toujours disant,
 O, Mademoiselle, donnez moi un petit baiser,
 Pour l'amour de la charité.

[There are other verses, but I do not recollect them.—L. H.]

BY FRANCIS QUARLES, 1634.

Let wit with all her studied plots effect
 The best she can ;
 Let smiling fortune prosper and perfect
 What wit began ;
 Let Earth advise with both and so project
 A happy man ;
 Let wit or fawning fortune vie their best,
 He may be blest,
 With all that Earth can give ;
 But Earth can give no rest,
 Where gold is double, with a careful hand,
 His cares are double ;
 The pleasure, honour, wealth of sea and land
 Bring but a trouble,
 The world itself and all the world commands
 Is but a bubble ;
 The strong desire of Man's insatiate breast
 May stand possest
 Of all that Earth can give ; but Earth can give
 no rest.

The *New York Herald* about the year 1889 published the following versified account of the death of a cook in New York, who lost her life by pouring kerosene oil on her kitchen fire that would not burn up to her satisfaction. It is believed that every cook in "God's own country" went into mourning on the occasion.

It will be observed that the verses do not obtain one single verb and do not need any.

THE COOK AND THE KEROSENE.

I

Stubborn fire ;
Weather keen ;
Cook Maria ;
Kerosene.

2

Splendid fire ;
Brilliant light,
Cook Maria
Angel bright.

FROM SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK'S REMINISCENCES.

He that buys land buys many stones ;
He that buys meat buys many bones,
He that buys eggs buys many shells ;
But he that buys good Ale buys nothing else.

THE FOUR GEORGES.

By Walter Savage Landor (*b. 1775, d. 1864*).

George the First was reckoned vile,
 And viler George the Second,
 And what mortal ever heard
 Any good of George the Third ?
 When from Earth the Fourth descended,
 God be praised the Georges ended.

THE PUT-IT-OFFS.

(Australian Rhymes.)

I

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,
 On the banks of the river Slow,
 Where blossoms the Wait-a-while flower fair,
 Where the Sometime-or-other scents the air,
 And the soft Go-easys grow ?

2

It lies in the valley of What's-the-use ;
 In the province of Let-us-slide ;
 That tired feeling is native there ;
 It's the home of the listless I-don't-care,
 Where the Put-it-offs abide.

3

The Put-it-offs smile when asked to insure,
 And say they will do it to-morrow ;
 And so they delay from day to day
 Till Death cycles up and takes them away
 And their families beg, steal, or borrow.

THE ASPIRATE.

(An old Rhyme.)

While hewing yews
 Hugh lost his ewe,
 And put it in the *Hue and Cry*.
 To name its face's dusky hues
 Was all the effort he could use.
 You brought the ewe back by and by,
 And only begged the hewer's ewer,
 Your hands to wash in water pure,
 Lest some nice nosed ladies, not a few,
 Should say in coming near you, ugh !

A WIFE.

Sir William Hunter (*b.* 1840, *d.* 1900) relates his visit to the Savage Club, when some one present gave the following quatrain as an impromptu :—

Man wants but little here in life,
 So do the Poets sing ;
 At least he only wants a Wife,
 And she wants everything.

Sir William Hunter also gives a quatrain by Russell Lowell, who was visiting Sir William in a house he had built for himself a few miles

from Oxford, round which he had planted many trees :—

Who does his duty is a question
 Too complex to be solved by me,
 But he—I venture the suggestion—
 Does part of it who plants a Tree.

REPROBATE CHILDREN.

Mr. Wigglesworth, a New England divine of, I think, the eighteenth century, in a poem, “The New England Inferno,” puts the following lines into the mouth of God :—

You sinners are and such a share
 As sinners must expect ;
 Such shall you have, for I do save
 None but My own Elect.
 Yet to compare your sin with theirs,
 Who lived a longer time ;
 I do confess yours is much less,
 Though every sin’s a crime.
 A crime it is, therefore in bliss
 You may not hope to dwell ;
 But unto you I shall allow,
 The easiest room in Hell.

FROM “THE MISFORTUNES OF ELPHIN,” BY
 T. L. PEACOCK (*b.* 1785, *d.* 1866).

The poem is described by Peacock as one celebrating the warlike exploits of Melvas, a Welsh chieftain, about one thousand years ago ; and as

a poem "the quintessence of all the war songs that ever were written and the sum and substance of all the appurtenances, tendencies and consequences of military glory." I quote the first verse only :—

The mountain sheep are sweeter
 But the valley sheep are fatter ;
 We therefore deemed it meeter
 To carry off the latter.
 We made an expedition,
 We met a host and quelled it,
 We found a strong position,
 And killed the men who held it.

Letter from Mr. Justice Bowen (*b. 1835, d. 1894*)
 to Mr. Justice Matthew :—

I

My dear J. C.,
 Will you be free,
 To carry me,
 In your buggie,
 Beside of thee
 To Selborne's tea ;
 If breakfast he
 Intends for we
 On 2 Nov next D.V.

1883

A.D. ?

For Lady B,
 From Cornwall G.,
 Will absent be,
 And says that she
 Would rather see
 Her husband be
 D—dash—dash—D,
 Than send to London her buggie,
 For such a melancholy spree
 As Selborne's toast and Selborne's tea.

I forget on what set of pictures this quatrain was written or who wrote it.—L. H.

The ruffian who these pictures drew
 From out the sewage of his mind,
 Shows an irruption of such corruption
 As sinks him below the human kind.

OLD BATH.

Lines by Christopher Anstey (*b. 1724, d. 1805*).

Farewell, then, ye streams,
 Ye poetic themes,
 Sweet fountains for curing the spleen ;
 I'm grieved to the heart
 Without cash to depart
 And quit the adorable scene,

Where gaming and grace
 Each other embrace,
 Dissipation with piety meet.
 May all who've a notion,
 Of cards or devotion,
 Make Bath their delightful retreat.

MIND OR MATTER ?

We think we see the things that be ;
 But Truth is coy, we can't get at her ;
 For what we spy is all my eye,
 And is not really mind or matter ;
 Against a stone you strike your foot,
 You find 'tis sore and makes a clatter ;
 But what you feel is all you know,
 Of toe or stone or mind or matter.

THE HUMBLE ALTRUISM OF A NON-TEETOTALER.

(Suitable for recitation at a temperance meeting.)

Good water is the best of drinks
 That man to man can bring,
 But who am I that I should have
 The best of everything ?
 Let Princes revel at the Pump ;
 Lords of the spring make free ;
 But whiskey, wine or even beer
 Are good enough for me.

J. K. STEPHEN (*b.* 1859, *d.* 1892) ON
SHAKESPEARE.

You wrote a line too much my Sage,
Of Seers the first—the first of Sayers ;
For only half the world's a stage,
And only all the women players.

FROM THE "GARDEN OF PROSERPINE"
(ALGERNON SWINBURNE).

From too much love of living ;
From hope and fear set free ;
We thank with brief thanksgiving,
Whatever Gods there be ;
That no man lives for ever ;
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

A NOVICIATE EXAMINATION (ALFRED HINTON,
OXON).

The papers they had written lay
In piles of blue and white ;
They answered everything they could,
And wrote with all their might :
But though they wrote it all by rote,
They did not write it right.

THE OXFORD PASSEE (ALFRED HINTON).

In the crown of his hat
 Were the Furies and Fates,
 And a delicate map
 Of the Dorian States ;
 And found in his palms, which were hollow,
 What is frequent in palms—that is, dates.

A POPULAR SONG IN ST. PETERSBURG IN
 MARCH, 1905.

The Mikado demanded, as terms of peace,
 Two Jews who had not been beaten ;
 Two Mujiks who were not starved ;
 Two Intendants who were not thieves ;
 Two Popes who were not drunkards.
 The Emperor replied, "I have only
 Vladamir Romanovsky,
 And Sergius Moskowski."
 The Mikado said,
 "I have no use for two such Ruffians."

George Outram, a former Writer of the *Signet* in Glasgow some fifty years ago, on hearing a lady praise the eyes of a certain local divine, exclaimed :—

"I cannot praise the Doctor's eyes ;
 I never saw his glance divine ;
 He always shuts them when he prays,
 But when he preaches he shuts mine."

FROM HUDIBRAS.

'Cause grace and virtue are within,
 Prohibited degrees of kin ;
 And therefore no true Saint allows,
 They should be suffered to espouse.

QUIP BY DEAN MANSELL (*b. 1820, d. 1871*).

Canon Meyrick, in his "Memoirs of Oxford Life," mentions that when it was proposed to the Hebdomadal Council of Oxford to allow a man to qualify for his Doctor's degree (D.D.) by merely writing two essays, Dean Mansell scribbled down the following quip :—

The degree of D.D.
 Tis proposed to convey
 To an A double S
 By a double S A.

LA VIE EST BRÈVE.

La vie est brève ;
 Un peu d'amour,
 Un peu de rêve
 Et puis bon jour.

2

La vie est vaine ;
 Un peu d'espoir,
 Un peu de haine,
 Et puis bon soir.

A WASHERWOMAN'S LAMENT.

The *Daily Graphic* in August, 1905, stated that Catherine Allsop, a Sheffield washerwoman, hanged herself on a piece of clothes line on July 31st, and that at the inquest the following lines, copied by her on a piece of sugar-paper, were read to the jury, whose verdict was suicide during temporary insanity :—

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired,
 She lived in a house where help was not hired,
 Her last words on earth were "Dear friends, I am
 going
 Where washing ain't done nor sweeping nor
 sewing,
 But everything there is exact to my wishes,
 For where they don't eat there's no washing of
 dishes.
 I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
 But, having no voice, I'll be clear of the singing.
 Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me
 never
 I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

LINES ON DR. WHEWELL (*b. 1794, d. 1866*).

Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was known as one of the most learned men of his time, but was always considered to have an even higher opinion of himself than others had of him. He was the author of the "Plurality of

Worlds," a book which excited a good deal of attention at the time.

The following quatrain was sent by an undergraduate to Dr. Whewell :—

Through the realms of invention wherever you travel,
And the secrets of worlds and of nature unravel,
You'll find when you've mastered the works of Infinity,
The greatest of all is the Master of Trinity.

William Dean Howells on Life :—

THE BEWILDERED GUEST.

I was not asked if I should like to come,
I have not seen my host since first I came ;
Or had a word of welcome in his name,
Some say that we shall never see him and some
That we shall see him elsewhere and then know
Why we were bid. How long I am to stay,
I have not the least notion. None, they say,
Were ever told why we should come or go,
But every now and then there bursts upon
The song and mirth a lamentable noise ;
A sound of shrieks and sobs that strikes our
joys,
Dumb in our breasts and then some one is gone.
They say we meet again. No one knows when,
We know we shall not meet him here again.

FROM "LONDON FILMS," BY W. D. HOWELLS.

It was the duty of the bellman of St. Sepulchre to pass under the prison walls of Newgate the night before executions and ring his bell and chant the dismal lines :—

All you that in the condemned cell do lie
 Prepare, for to-morrow you shall die,
 Watch all and pray ; the hour is drawing near
 When you before the Almighty must appear ;
 Examine well yourselves—in time repent,
 That you may not to eternal flames be sent,
 And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls
 The Lord above have mercy on your souls.

Howell adds that each criminal in passing St. Sepulchre's on the way to Tyburn used to be presented with a nosegay and, a little further on the journey, with a glass of beer.

[NOTE.—It was on his way from Newgate to Tyburn that, according to Fielding, Jonathan Wild filched the chaplain's corkscrew from the reverend gentleman's pocket.—L. H.]

SATAN'S SIDE OF THE HEAVENS.

In an article in the *Contemporary Review* for September, 1906, on "The Devil in Christian Tradition," the writer gives illustrations of the mediæval belief that the devil held the north side of the regions celestial, and states that, in consequence of this belief, the north side of churchyards

has been reserved for the burial of suicides. He quotes the following verses by Housman in illustration :—

I

The vane in Hughley steeple
Veered round, a far seen sign,
And there be Hughley people,
And there be friends of mine.

2

To south the headstones cluster ;
The sunny mounts are thick,
The dead are more in muster,
At Hughley than the quick.

3

To north a soon told number,
Chill graves the sexton delves,
And steeple shadowed slumber
The slayers of themselves.

[NOTE.—Any one who looks for himself will observe how few graves there are on the north side of churchyards.—L. H.]

LINKS ON SLEEP BY MICHAEL ANGELO
(*b. 1387, d. 1445*).

I

Grateful is sleep, my life in stone bound fast,
More grateful still while wrong and shame shall
last,

On me can time no happier state bestow,
 Than to be left unconscious of the woe.
 Ah, then, lest ye waken me, speak low.

Grateful is sleep, more grateful still to be,
 Of marble, for while shameless wrong and woe
 Prevail, 'tis best neither to hear nor see,
 Then wake me not, I pray you—Hush, speak low.

A QUATRAIN.

The rain it raineth every day
 Upon the just and unjust fellah,
 But chiefly on the just because
 The unjust borrows his umbrella.

QUATRAIN BY DR. BYROM.

God bless the King, I mean the Faith's Defender,
 God bless, there is no harm in blessing, the
 Pretender,
 But who Pretender is and who is King,
 God bless us all is quite another thing.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY IS MOULDERING IN THE GRAVE.

These spirited verses, which were sung round the camp fires in the Northern armies during the

American Civil War of 1860-1864, to the tune of "John Brown's Body," are not as well known here as they should be.

I

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
 He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword—
 His truth is marching on.

2

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dew and damp,
 I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps—
 His day is marching on.

3

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before the judgment seat ;
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him before the judgment seat—
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me,
And He died to make men happy, let us die to
make them free
While God is marching on.

THE TERM “ENGLISH” *VERSUS* “BRITISH.”

“*British.*”

The adjective British both right and precise is
(Its origin may be inscrutable),
For Davises Jameses and Prichards and Prices
The term is remarkably suitable.
It may also serve for the English and Scottish,
The Browns and the Greens and Macalisters,
Since Jamie’s inducture
It suits the whole structure,
The corners, friezes, and balusters.

“*English.*”

For Thompson and Wilson and Johnson and
Jackson,
And Robson and Hobson and Harrison,
Or any one else of an origin Saxon
’Twill suit beyond any comparison ;
But what of McCarthy, O’Donnell and party ?
Be jabers, they’d never get cool again
A good name to lavish,
On Smith or McTavish
But devil a bit for O’Hooligan.

An old piece of advice much easier to give than to follow :—

If you your lips would keep from slips,
 Five things observe with care :
 Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
 And how and when and where.

YE MINISTERS OF ENGLAND.

(A Parody in 1895.)

Ye Ministers of England,
 Who pare the native cheese,
 Who care more for the Caucus than
 Our safety on the seas ;
 Your old excuses launch again,
 Ye forged long, long ago
 As ye prate through debate
 Of the things we must not know—
 Of the questions about ships and forts
 We must not “ want to know.”

Britannia does need bulwarks.
 And towers along the steep ;
 She’s scant of powder, ships, and men,
 Her rulers are asleep.
 The thunder from her phantom fleet
 The French can overcrow,
 With thy might, Melinite,
 While the stormy tempests blow,
 While the battle rages, short and sharp,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
 May yet terrific burn
 Above the ruin of her trade,
 The ashes of her urn.
 Then, then, ye bold officials,
 Perchance you'll come to know
 The hate of the State
 In an hour of overthrow :
 When a ruined people turns in wrath
 On you that wrought their woe.

THE SONG OF BRIDGE.
 (From *Life*, New York.)

I

With eyelids heavy and red,
 With cheeks that flush and burn,
 A woman sits in her gladdest rags
 Playing her cards in turn.
 Bridge, Bridge, Bridge,
 Daytime and night the same ;
 And still with a voice of excitement's pitch
 She sings the "Song of the Game."

2

" Play, play, play,
 The whole of the evening through ;
 Play, play, play,
 Till the milkman's almost due :
 Morning, noon, and night,
 The same thing every day,
 What is it then that men call work,
 If this be only play ?

“Play, play, play,
 For we must be in the swim ;
 Play, play, play ;
 Till the cards grow blurred and dim ;
 Diamonds, hearts and clubs,
 All in a mist they seem,
 Till when I am dummy I fall asleep,
 And still play on in a dream.

“O but for one short hour,
 To feel as I used to feel,
 When I played my round of golf a day,
 And longed for a hearty meal.
 A day on the links I would dearly love,
 But at home I needs must stay,
 For they must have another hand,
 So I play, play, play.”

O men with sweethearts dear,
 O men with sisters and wives,
 It's not the rubber you're playing out,
 But foolish women's lives ;
 Nervous, tired, and worn,
 Excited, flushed, and rash,
 Playing at once a double price
 In health as well as in cash.

With eyelids heavy and red,
 With cheeks that flush and burn,
 A woman sits in her gladdest rags,
 Playing her cards in turn.
 Bridge, Bridge, Bridge,
 Winter and summer the same.
 Till the breakdown comes, as come it will,
 She will make and double and play and still
 She'll sing the "Song of the Game."

GLADNESS, SADNESS, AND BADNESS.

Oh, the Gladness of their Gladness
 When they're Glad !
 Oh, the Sadness of their Sadness
 When they're Sad !
 But the Gladness of their Gladness
 And the Sadness of their Sadness
 Is nothing to their Badness
 When they're Bad.

[NOTE.—At the time this jingle appeared in *Truth* there happened to be a local election in Maldon with a Mr. Sadd as one of the candidates. The Maldon folks were convinced that it was their Mr. Sadd at whom the lines were aimed.]

—

PROSE
SOME PROVERBS
SIAMESE.

“Listen to the merchant, and it appears you have yet ten thousand years to live ;

“Talk with the priest, and you will die a thousand deaths each day.”

“Better to be bitten by a crocodile than nibbled at by a petty fish.”

MALAYAN.

“People help to prop up what is firm and stamp out what is down.” (Human nature wishes to be on the winning side.)

“If you smack water on a dish some of it is sure to fly in your face.” (Curses come home to roost.)

“A year’s drought is washed away by a day’s rain.” (An hour’s joy drives away the memory of months of sorrow.)

“Those who quarrel with the well must end by dying of thirst.”

“The bean forgets its pod.” (Ingratitude.)

“You may bale out a boat, but in a shipwreck of the affections the vessel founders.”

“A wound heals but the scar remains.” (One forgives but does not forget.)

“Enmity with a wise man is better than friendship with a fool.”

“To pole down-stream makes a crocodile laugh.” (The height of absurdity.)

CHINESE.

“There are three things which cannot be recalled : a spent arrow, a spoken word, and a lost opportunity.”

“There are three great misfortunes in life : to lose your Father in your youth, your Wife in middle age, and your Son in old age.”

“Wisdom, like water, takes the form of the vessel into which it is poured.”

ARABIAN.

“So near to thee and yet so far from thee, like the camel who bears the leather bottles and is yet dying of thirst.”

The wisest beast is an Ass ;
 The gravest fish is an Oyster ;
 The gravest bird is an Owl ;
 The gravest man is a Fool.

FROM THE TALMUD.

The sun will go down himself without your help.

Do not live near a pious fool.

Commit a sin twice and you will think it perfectly allowable.

When the thief has no opportunity for stealing he considers himself honest.

He in whose family men are hanged should not say to his neighbour, "Pray hang this little fish up for me."

[NOTE.—The Spanish rendering of this proverb is "Do not speak of a rope in a hanged man's house."]

If thy friends agree in calling thee an ass, go and get a halter round thy neck.

The Camel wanted to have horns and they took away his ears.

The soldiers fight and the kings are heroes.

AN OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

Children pick up words as pigeons peas,
And utter them again as God shall please.

[NOTE.—Bearing in mind what parents suffer from children's untimely remarks, it must be that God and parents are not always at one.]

AN AMERICAN PROVERB.

Charity begins at home, and it is the one thing the neighbours never borrow.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE LORD DE JOINVILLE.

The Lord de Joinville, who was born in the year 1225, wrote his memoirs when he was over eighty years of age, and these are well translated for the first time by Miss Julia Wedgwood.

The Lord de Joinville fought against the Saracens in the Holy Land under St. Louis, and very curious is his description of the fighting.

He was much impressed with the fatalism of the Bedouins, which made them reckless of their lives, and he speaks in severe terms of some Christians who share the Bedouin view and say that no man can die save at the appointed time. This assertion he regards to be as much as saying that God has no power to help us. He relates with evident belief that in one of the voyages to the Holy Land, a French ship in great straits, after a procession of priests in robes and others carrying holy relics, received a visit from "God and His Mother," and that a calm ensued. He gives many quaint oaths such as "By the head cloth of God."

Why do we always speak of a "fatal" accident if we do not believe in fate?

The Lord de Joinville said that when he was in the Holy Land with St. Louis he found the King in great grief because of the news he had received from France of the death of his mother. The King

exclaimed, "Oh, Seneschal, I have lost my mother." "Sir" (said I), "I am not surprised at that, for she was bound to die ; but I am surprised that a wise man like you should make such a great mourning. For you know that the sage said, 'That whatever trouble a man may have at heart he should not show it in his face ; for thereby he rejoices his foes and grieves his friends.'"

Throughout the memoirs the Lord de Joinville shows, with all his gross superstitions which were common to his time, an excellent understanding, great shrewdness in the common affairs of life, and great kindness of heart.

WHAT WE OWE TO BOOKS. BY R. DE BURY,
BISHOP OF DURHAM (*b. 1281, d. 1345*).

"These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without harsh words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them they are not asleep ; if investigating, you interrogate them, they conceal nothing ; if you mistake them, they never grumble ; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you."

A LEGEND OF ST. LOUIS. (*b. 1215, d. 1270*).

There is a beautiful legend of St. Louis meeting an old woman who carried a bucket of water in one hand and a bundle of fagots in the other. Asked by the king for what purpose her burden was devised, the old woman replied, "With one I wish to extinguish the fires of Hell, and with the other to

burn down Heaven ; so that men may do that which is right, not from fear of punishment or hope of reward, but solely out of love of God.”

THEOLOGY IN CONSTANTINOPLE IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

Mr. John Morley writes : “It was a Christian Father who said of Constantinople in the fourth century, ‘This city is full of handicraftsmen and slaves who are all profound theologians and preach in their workshops and in the streets. If you want a man to change a piece of silver, he instructs you in what consists the difference between the Father and the Son ; if you ask the price of a loaf of bread, you get for an answer that the Son is inferior to the Father, and if you ask whether the bread is ready, the rejoinder is that the genesis of the Son is from nothing.’”

[NOTE.—I believe I am right in saying that during the several sieges of Constantinople by the Turks the inhabitants generally were more interested in theological disputes than in defence of their city.—L. H.]

FROM MEMOIRS OF A SURREY LABOURER.

Frederick Bettesworth, the subject of this interesting book, was a fine old English peasant who died in July, 1905.

He was speaking to the author of a poor fellow, a man named Crosby, who had gone religious mad and was in the Surrey County Lunatic Asylum at

Brookwood, and the illness he described as "religious ammonium." Bettesworth went on to say, "All he kep' on' about was the devil. The devil kep' comin' and botherin' of 'm. Tis a bad job. I s'pose he went right into it—studyin' about these here places nobody ever been to and come back again to tell we. Nobody don't know nothin' about it. Ten't as if they come back to tell ye. There's my father, what bin dead these forty year. What a crool man he must be not to 've come back in all that time, if he was able, and tell me about it. That's what I said to Col. Sadler. 'Oh,' he said, 'you had better talk to the Vicar.' 'Vicar,' I says, 'he won't talk to me. Besides, what do he know about it more'n any one else ?'"

[NOTE.—What a wise old fellow was Bettesworth !
L. H.]

AN ANECDOTE OF LORD DUFFERIN
(*b. 1826, d. 1902*).

Sir Alfred Lyell, in his Life of Lord Dufferin, states that when in 1872 Lord Dufferin left England to take up the post of Viceroy of Canada he remarked, "It is perfectly true that, after I had been appointed to Canada, Bob Lowe come up to me in a club and said, 'Now you ought to make it your business to get rid of the Dominion'; to which I answered that I certainly did not intend to be handed down to history as the Governor-General who had lost Canada."

[NOTE.—What a change in public opinion this anecdote denotes !—L. H., 1905.]

THE ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN STORIES.

To me it is a very curious fact that these admirable stories are at present out of print here, and will, I suppose, before long be out of knowledge. They were written during the Second Empire, and the earlier stories were published more than fifty years ago. The main object of the two writers, M. Erckmann and M. Chatrian, Alsatians, while Alsace still remained a part of France, was to discourage Militarism and the Napoleonic Cult. Louis Napoleon would gladly have suppressed them, but even in the plenitude of his power, owing to the charm of the stories, and to the moderation of their tone, he did not venture to do so. The stories had a very large sale in France, and translations of them a very considerable sale here. They were the delight of boys and girls and were much read by grown-up people. "The Conscript" and "Waterloo" and "The Blockade" are to my own knowledge read by boys and girls now with the same pleasure that their predecessors read them fifty years ago. In some, at all events, of the London Board Schools they were used in teaching French. In "The Conscript" the account of the battle of Leipsic has always been held to be one of the best, if not the very best, description ever written of a great battle. And yet the stories are out of print.—L. H., 1908.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (*b. 1818, d. 1894*).

Mr. Herbert Paul states, "Three or four main propositions were at the root of Froude's mind. He held the Reformation to be the greatest and

most beneficent change in modern history. He believed the English race to be the foremost in the world. He disbelieved in equality and in Parliamentary government. Essentially an aristocrat, in the proper sense of the term, he cherished the doctrine of submission to a few persons qualified for authority by training and experience."

Of Froude York Powell writes : "He cannot be held up as a model to the young historian, for he handles his authorities as a wilful baby does her doll."

FROM LIFE OF EARL OF MACARTNEY
(*b.* 1737, *d.* 1806).

Extract from a letter of Lord Macartney while he was Ambassador at St. Petersburg describing the baptism of a negro servant :—

" It was the christening my negro. It seems that all good believers cried shame against me for not having him sooner sprinkled with the gospel. So to save my character and avoid scandal, I had him received into the bosom of the Church and the congregation of the faithful. This, however, was very near proving fatal to him, for he was so frightened at the awfulness of the ceremony that he fell sick the next day and had like to have died of regeneration."

PRACTICAL JOKES. FROM ESSAY BY T. B. MACAULAY
(*b.* 1800, *d.* 1859) ON FREDERICK THE GREAT
(*b.* 1712, *d.* 1786).

" He (*i.e.*, the King) had one taste which may be pardoned in a boy, but which, when deliberately and

habitually indulged in by a man of mature age and strong understanding, is almost invariably the sign of a bad heart, a taste for severe practical jokes."

[NOTE.—Sheridan and his boon companions were much addicted to practical jokes of this description, such as scattering broken glass in a dark passage.]

FROM "SHIRLEY," CHARLOTTE BRONTË
(*b.* 1816, *d.* 1855).

"... But they each knew that a gap never to be filled had been made in this circle. They knew that they had lost something whose absence could never be quite atoned for so long as they lived ; and they knew that heavy falling rain was soaking into the wet earth which covered their lost darling and the sighing gale was mourning above her buried head. The fire warmed them ; Life and Friendship yet blessed them ; but Jessie lay cold, coffined, solitary, only the sod screening her from the storm."

[NOTE.—For survivors cremation gives the great consolation of the absence of painful thoughts about the grave.—L. H.]

EMILY BRONTË (*b.* 1818, *d.* 1848). FROM THE
PREFACE TO "WUTHERING HEIGHTS."

"'Ellis Bell' (*i.e.*, Emily Brontë) did not describe as one whose eye and taste alone found pleasure in the prospect ; her native hills were far more to her than a spectacle : they were what she lived in and by, as much as the wild birds, their tenants, or as

the heather, their produce. Her descriptions, then, of natural scenery are what they should be and all they should be."

PROFESSOR CLIFFORD (*b. 1834, d. 1879*)
ON CHRISTIANITY.

"I suppose it frightens people to be told that historical Christianity as a social system invariably makes men wicked when it has full swing of them. I think the sooner they are frightened the better."

FROM "LIKE SHIPS ON THE SEA."

"'Ah, Dio mio,' exclaimed Nina Guarina. 'This is a weary world, and the best thing I have heard of the next is that there is no marrying or giving in marriage in it!'"

HUSBAND AND WIFE (FANNY KEMBLE,
b. 1809, d. 1893).

"A woman should, I think, love her husband better than anything on earth except her own soul; while I think a man should respect her above anything on earth but his own soul."

[NOTE.—Fanny Kemble's own marriage was an unhappy one.]

FROM "RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH,"
BY RENAN (*b. 1823, d. 1892*).

"A man should never take two liberties with popular prejudice at the same time. The free-thinker should be very particular as to his morals."

Of Renan, Madame Darmesteter wrote, "He thought like a man, he felt like a woman, he acted like a child."

OATH OF THE ST. GEORGE'S GUILD. FOUNDED
BY JOHN RUSKIN (*b.* 1819, *d.* 1900).

"I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing ; but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth."

DEFINITION OF ENGINEERING BY JAMES NASMYTH
(*b.* 1808, *d.* 1890).

"The application of common sense to the use of materials."

[NOTE.—This definition reminds me of Walter Bagehot's definition of business, viz., "The adaptation of means to the end." Bagehot remarks that people who fail in business usually do so because they mistake the means for the end or the end for the means.]

[NOTE.—In my own profession I have found Bagehot's axiom of much help.—L. H.]

CONFUCIUS (*b.* 531 B.C., *d.* 479 B.C) ON A FUTURE
LIFE.

"If you do well here you will do well there. I could tell you no more if I preached to you for a year."

DEFINITION OF THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY BY
MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

“In plain words the Religion of Humanity, as I conceive it, means recognising your duty to your fellow-men on human grounds.

“The Religion of Humanity, as I conceive it, is simply morality infused with social devotion and enlightened by sound philosophy.”

FROM PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER (*b. 1823, d. 1900*).

“To learn that there are limits to our knowledge is an old lesson. It was taught by Buddha, it was taught by Socrates, and it was taught for the last time by Kant. Philosophy has been called the knowledge of our knowledge; it might be called the knowledge of our ignorance, or, to adopt the more modern language of Kant, the knowledge of the limits of our knowledge.”

LORD CHESTERFIELD (*b. 1694, d. 1773*) ON
FLATTERY.

(From a letter to his son in August, 1749.)
FOR MODERN POLITICIANS.

“Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation, as much as indiscriminate and noisy debate, disgust.”

IMPORTANT DATES OF EVENTS IN THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION.

Convocation of the Estates-General	1789
Execution of Louis XVI	1792
The September Massacres	1793

The Fall of the Girondists	1793
Fall of Robespierre July,	1794
Establishment of Directory and Fall of the Convention	1795
The Coup d'État	1797
Establishment of Consulate	1799
Peace of Amiens	1802
Establishment of Empire	1804
Fall of Napoleon (Elba)	1814
" " (St. Helena)	1815

[NOTE.—The foregoing dates show that Napoleon was much longer in establishing himself as Emperor than one is apt to think.—L. H.]

FROM MEMOIRS OF GEORGE ELIOT
(*b. 1819, d. 1880*).

George Eliot writes : “ I try to delight in the sunshine that will be when I shall never see it more. And I think it is possible for this sort of impersonal life to attain great intensity—possible for us to gain much more independence than is usually believed of the small bundle of facts that make our personality.”

She remarks : “ The last refuge of intolerance is in not tolerating the intolerant, and I am often in danger of secreting that kind of venom.”

FROM MEMOIRS OF FRANK BUCKLAND
(*b. 1826, d. 1880*).

“ ‘ God is so good, so very good to the little fishes, I do not believe He would let their inspector suffer shipwreck at last.’ He said this on his death-bed.”

PASTEUR ON SOCIALISM (*b. 1828, d. 1895*).

“Why should there be alongside the productive democracy another democracy which is sterile and dangerous; and which, under pretext of a chimerical equality, dreams of absorbing and annihilating the Individual in the State? This pseudo democracy has a liking, I venture to say a worship, for mediocrity. It suspects whatever is superior. Inverting the sense of a celebrated saying of General Foy, we might define this democracy as the league of all who want to live without working, to consume without producing, and to obtain posts without being trained for them, and honour without being worthy of it.”

Writing of Pasteur, the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1901, quoted the Arabian Proverb, “The ink of Science is more precious than the blood of Martyrs.”

SOCIALISTIC SCHEMES.

Herbert Spencer (*b. 1820, d. 1903*) describes them as aiming “to take from the worthy the things they have laboured for in order to give to the unworthy the things they have not earned.”

Spencer also remarks that “The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly is to fill the world with fools.”

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES TO J. L. MOTLEY.

“I do not think it strange in old men who wear their opinions like their old clothes, till they are

threadbare ; and we need them as standards of past thought which we may reckon our progress by, as the ship wants the stationary log to tell her headway."

DEFINITION OF LIBERTY BY MR. LILLY.

"To permit each to be fully himself, to find his own proper level—this is liberty. Hence it is not too much to say that liberty is rooted and grounded on individuality. Uniformity is fatal to it."

THE LATE LORD ACTON ON FREEDOM.

"Provided that freedom was left to men to do their duty, Acton was not greatly careful of mere rights. He had no belief in the natural equality of men, and no dislike of the subordination of classes on the score of birth."

[NOTE.—Lord Acton was a Liberal all his life, and an intimate friend and trusted counsellor of Gladstone.—L. H.]

THE ENGLISH AS A NATION.

Langel thus describes us :—"Un certain heroisme froid, une énergie supérieure et toujours tendue ; une force qui se contente ; une vertue qui dedaigne les apparences et garde quelque chose de farouche."

Bulwer Lytton describes the Englishman as asserting : "It is my wife whom you shall not insult my country which you shall not abuse, and my God whom you shall not blaspheme." Still we have not as yet learnt, like the folks in the the United States, to describe England as God's own country.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SCOTCHMAN AND
AN IRISHMAN, PROBABLY OBSERVED BY AN
ENGLISHMAN.

“A Scotchman holds fast to the Sabbath and everything else he can lay hold of. An Irishman never knows what he wants and is never happy till he gets it.”

PROFESSOR HUXLEY (*b.* 1825, *d.* 1895) ON
AGNOSTICISM.

“It is quite true that the ground of every one of our actions and the validity of our reasonings rest upon the great act of faith which leads us to take the experience of the past as a safe guide in our dealings with the present and the future.

“Agnosticism, in fact, is not a creed, but a method, the essence of which lies in a vigorous principle. That principle is of great antiquity; it is as old as Socrates; as old as the writer who said, ‘Try all things; hold fast to that which is good.’ Positively the principle may be expressed in matters of the intellect; follow your reason so far as it will take you without regard to any other consideration. And negatively, in matters of intellect, do not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable. That I take to be the agnostic faith, which, if a man keep whole and undefiled, he shall not be ashamed to look the universe in the face, whatever the future may have in store for him.”

HUMAN SOCIETY.

Huxley, in his "Essays on Some Controversial Subjects," writes :—

" The highest conceivable form of human society is that in which the desire to do what is best for the whole dominates, and limits the action of every one in that society."

THE ALLEGED NATURAL EQUALITY OF MAN.

Writing on the absurdity of choosing the Governors of a State by a low, equal suffrage, as we do now in the United Kingdom, Huxley remarks :—

" Some experience of sea life leads me to think that I should be very sorry to find myself on board a ship in which the voices of the cook and the loblolly boy counted for as much as those of the officers upon a question of steering or reefing topsails, or where the great heart of the crew was called upon to settle the ship's course." He goes on to observe, " And there is no sea more dangerous than the ocean of practical politics, none in which there is more need of good pilotage, and of a single unfaltering purpose when the waves are high."

DEFINITION OF A LOBSTER.

On the following definition of a Lobster in a school book as "a red fish that walks backwards," Huxley remarked : " A Lobster is not red, is not a fish, and does not walk backwards—otherwise the definition is correct."

Of Huxley Sir Spencer Walpole wrote: "He invariably used the right words in the right sense, and always put a finger on a wrong word, and he always instinctively used the right one."

CHRISTIAN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Sir Lepel Griffin (*b.* 1840, *d.* 1908), the distinguished Indian Administrator, on Proselytism:

"Personally I am opposed to all proselytism. I consider that Hindoos, Sihks, Buddhists, and Mahamadans are, speaking generally, more moral, honest, temperate, self-respecting, and better citizens than the majority of professing Christians, and they have always appeared to me to lose these characteristics when they change their creed."

BABA BARALI ON CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

Baba Barali, a learned Hindu, in an address delivered in the year 1905, in the United States, observes of Christian Missions: "Millions upon millions of dollars are spent by the deluded Christians to send missionaries for saving the souls of Asiatics whom they call Heathens, not knowing that Christian missionaries are regarded by the Asiatics as the biggest jokes, being studiously kept unconscious that, if Christian is as Christian does, then the average Hindu or Chinese or Japanese is a born Christian."

PROSELYTISM IN INDIA.

Professor Vambéry quotes the following : “Mahamadan proselytism succeeds in India because it leaves its converts Asiatics still ; Christian proselytism fails in India because it strives to make its converts English middle-class men. That is the truth in a nutshell, whether we choose to accept it or not.”

Professor Max Müller (*b. 1823, d. 1900*) shortly before his death, in the “Religions of China,” expressed the opinion that “After our late experiences” (*i.e.*, the siege of the Embassies in Pekin) “it must be clear that it is more than doubtful whether Christian Missions should be sent, or even allowed to go, to countries the Governments of which object to their presence. It is always and everywhere the same story. First the commercial adventurers, then the missionaries, then soldiers, then war.”

A CHINESE VIEW.

From “Letters of John Chinaman.”

Speaking of Christ and His teaching, the author says : “Provincial by birth, mechanic by trade, by temperament a poet and a mystic, He enjoyed in the course of His brief life few opportunities, and He evinced little inclination to become acquainted with the rudiments of the science whose end is the prosperity of the State. The production and distribution of wealth, the disposition of powers ; the

laws that regulate trade were matters as remote from His interest as they were beyond His comprehension. Never was a man better equipped to inspire a religious sect ; one worst formed to direct a commonwealth."

THE CHINESE AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

From the "Friends of England," by the
Hon. George Peel.

Mr. Peel relates a long and interesting conversation he had at Hongkong with Ah Hok, a learned and distinguished Chinese scholar, on the ill-treatment of China by European nations. He described the terrible injuries done to China by Christendom and spoke with severity of Christian missionaries. "Ah Hok said : 'Worst of all through the gaps thus made has poured that ever continuous tide of missionaries, upsetting beliefs, unsettling society, breeding wars and spreading scepticism. I remember the despairing words of Prince Kung uttered to the British Ambassador, "Take away your opium and your missionaries, and all will be well.''"

"Of Confucius Ah Hok said he did not claim or rather disclaimed to know anything direct of Heaven. When they talked about such mysteries he told them not to pretend to know anything about the unknowable, and to have done, once for all, with the unknowable. Wisdom teaches one to give oneself to the duties due to men."

CHINA AND RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

From the *Times* Literary Supplement, Dec., 1905.

On a review of Dr. E. H. Parker's "China and Religion" the reviewer writes :—

"China enjoys a unique position in the history of religious thought in that she possesses an unbroken religious record of 3,000 years ; and it is much to her credit that at no period in her history have the ruling powers ever refused hospitality and consideration to any religion commended to them as such, nor have they encouraged the stifling of any free opinion that keeps clear of State policy, scandal or libel."

Dr. Parker shows that the modern Shintoism, as practised in Japan at the present time, is nothing but the old Chinese religion revived. Dr. Parker remarks : "It is significant that after 3,000 years of religious competition in the Far East the old Chinese Shinto should find renewed favour in Japan, and should have produced moral qualities nobler than any Christian Power at the present moment."

[**NOTE.**—What a contrast has been the extreme intolerance of Christian States, not only in the case of Judaism and Mahamadanism and the like, but scarcely less in the case of the several Christian sects.—L. H.]

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA.

In a speech by Sir Ernest Satow, the British Ambassador at Pekin, delivered at Cambridge in January, 1907, Sir Ernest said that the so-called

awakening of China must not be supposed to mean a craving by the Chinese for the spiritual side of European civilisation. The Chinese saw that we had beaten them by our superior knowledge of physical science and were anxious to build ironclads and have railways, electric appliances, and so forth. Referring to the Missionary question, Sir Ernest said it was the interference of missionaries in civil matters, on behalf of their converts, which had largely been responsible for massacres in China. In Japan, where such interference had been rendered impossible, Christianity was making steady progress.

A CHINESE EMPEROR ON RELIGIONS.

The Chinese Emperor Tankwang, who was on the throne during the second quarter of the nineteenth century, gave the following dictum :—

“ All religions are nonsense, but the silly people have always believed in ghosts and after-life ; and therefore in order to conciliate popular feeling we are disposed to protect every belief, including Christianity, so long as there is no interference with the old-established customs of the State.”

ANGLO-RUSSIAN MISSIONARY EFFORTS IN EASTERN SIBERIA.

Professor Arminius Vambéry (*b. 1832*), in his “Western Culture in Eastern Lands,” after describing the failure of the Russians to convert to Christianity the Buryats, a race in Easter Siberia who are Buddhists, mentions that the English were

equally unsuccessful. "Supported by the Czar Nicholas I., English missionaries went to work systematically for eight years (1821-1829), and they were not able to administer baptism to one single Buryat, although they translated the Bible, and had made themselves familiar with the language and customs of the natives. The Buryats accepted their tracts but never read them. They served the missionaries because these paid and fed them well; but in secret they laughed at the simplicity and credulity of the Christian foreigners. This dislike to Christianity strikes one the more as the Buryats are noted for their desire to learn and their eminent fitness for acquiring knowledge."

SHINTOISM IN JAPAN.

From "The Other Side of the Lantern," by
Sir Frederick Treves.

"The Shinto faith belongs only to Japan. It is the indigenous religion of the country, and, although it may have been modified by the teaching of Buddha, it still remains the religion of the country. It is the simplest of all faiths in the world. Shinto merely means 'God's Way,' and to the founders of the sect must have been a way of pleasantness and a path of peace. Shintoism possesses neither sacred books nor an austere code of morals, it has burdened itself with no dogmas, while the unseemly cackle of theological discussion has never come within its tree-encircled walls. Of the malignity of religious hate, of the bitterness

of religious persecutions, the Shinto faith knows nothing.

“It has been to the people the familiar friend, not the pedagogue; the comforter, not the censor.

“The Shinto faith is the religion of old friends, the religion of lovers, since high among the objects of its homage is fidelity to human affection, unforgetfulness of human ties.”

PROFESSOR OKAKURA ON “THE JAPANESE SPIRIT.”

“We do not see any convincing reason why morals should be based on the tendency of a special denomination in the face of the fact that we can be upright and brave without the help of a creed with God and Deities at the other end.”

BUSHIDO. (JAPAN.)

From “The Soul of a Nation.”

“It requires its disciples to submit to a strict physical and mental discipline; develops a martial spirit; and, by lauding the virtues of courage, constancy, fortitude, faithfulness, daring, and self-restraint, offers an exalted standard of moral principles, not only for the man and the warrior, but for men and women in times both of peace and war.

“There is no dogma, no infallibility, no priesthood and no ritual; Bushido takes the very best and the highest of all ancient and modern philosophy and

morals and endeavours to embody it in an ordered scheme of life. Bushido is not a religion but a philosophy."

THE JAPANESE SOLDIER, BY KAKUZO OKAKURA.

"The contempt of death displayed by our conscripts is not founded, as some Western writers suppose, in the hope of future reward. We preach no Valhalla or Moslem heaven awaiting the departed heroes ; for the teachings of Buddhism promise in the next life but a miserable incarnation to the slayer of men. It is a sense of duty alone that causes our men to march to a certain death at the word of command.

"In the harmony of Eastern society the man conservates himself to the State, the child to the parent, and the wife to the husband."

The attribute of the Japanese towards religion has been delightfully described as one of politeness towards the possibilities.

THE BURMESE FAITH IN BUDDHA.

"The Burmese faith is in Buddha and his hope is Nirvana, and his eyes have before them the eight-fold path that leads to the annihilation of suffering —right views, right decisions, right speech, right action, right living, right struggling, right thought, right meditation. He prays for extinction, yet is content to face with a smile the prospect of becoming a Nat (sprite or a tiger) before reaching Nirvana."

From a correspondent in *The Observer* of February 25, 1906.

FROM EPICURUS (*b. 342 B.C., d. 270 B.C.*).

“The pleasure which produces no pain is to be embraced.

“The pain which produces no pleasure is to be avoided.

“That pleasure is to be avoided which prevents greater pleasure or produces a greater pain.

“That pain is to be endured which averts a greater pain or secures a greater pleasure.”

RELIGION OF AUSTRALIAN SAVAGES, AS DESCRIBED
BY MR. CHARLES EDEN.

“I verily believe that we have arrived at the sum total of their religion, if a superstitious dread of the unknown can be so designated.”

[NOTE.—This is not a bad description of the religion of a good many others besides Australian savages.—L. H.]

A SCRIBE AND NOTHING ELSE.

“When a man in difficult circumstances writes instead of acting he is a scribe and nothing else.”

[NOTE.—I forget where I got this from, but no one who, like myself, has spent a long life in the service of the State can fail to be convinced of its truth.—L. H.]

FROM THE JOURNALS OF WALTER SCOTT (*b. 1771, d. 1832*).

In describing his management as chairman of a public meeting, Scott wrote: “The orator is like

a top. Let him alone and he must stop one time or another. Flog him and he may go on for ever."

DR. LAUDER LINDSAY.

Dr. Lindsay, in an article published in 1885, remarks that "There is no sin however infamous, no crime however abominable, but at some time or in some part of the world has been, or still is, held in the highest esteem."

FROM THE "COUNTRY DOCTOR," BY BALZAC
(*b. 1799, d. 1850*).

"Becoming rich and having but one son, he wished to transmit to me the cold experience he had gained in exchange for his vanished illusions. Last and noble error of old men, who vainly strive to bequeath their virtues and their prudence to their children who are enamoured of life and in haste to enjoy it."

FROM "BUREAUCRACY" (BALZAC).

"His heart swelled with that dull collected love which we must call humanitarianism, the eldest son of deceased philanthropy, and which is to the Divine charity what system is to art or reasoning to deed."

J. RUSSELL LOWELL ON THE ENGLISH CLIMATE.

Speaking of the English climate Lowell says: "It is more kindly to me than any other I have

lived in. It was a singularly manly climate, full of composure and without womanish passion and extravagance."

JEU D'ESPRIT ON MR. LABOUCHERE'S *TRUTH.*

Qu'est que c'est la Verité,
La boue, chère a douze sous.

THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

From "The Englishman in Paris."

"Since I have seen the sovereign people getting the upper hand twice, viz., on 1st September, 1870, and on the 18th March, 1871. I have seen them during the siege of Paris ; and I have no hesitation in saying that for cold-blooded, apish, monkeyish, tigerish cruelty there is nothing on God's earth to match them ; and that no concessions from Society in their behalf will ever make them anything else than the fiends in human shape they are."

"OPINION," BY JOHN SELDEN (*b. 1584, d. 1654.*)

"'Twas a good fancy of an old Platonick ; the Gods which are above Men, had something whereof Man did partake (an Intellect, knowledge) and the Gods kept in their course quietly ; the Beasts, which are below Man, had something whereof Man did partake (Science and Growth) and the Beasts lived quietly in their way. But man had something in him whereof neither Gods nor Beasts did partake, which gave him all the Trouble and made all the Confusion in the world, and that is Opinion."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (*b.* 1809, *d.* 1865).

(An Aphorism.)

“You may fool part of the people all the time, or all the people part of the time, but you can’t fool all the people all the time.”

A GOOD JUDGE.

In the *Saturday Review* some forty years ago it was said, of what judge I do not remember, “He had all the qualities of a good Judge ; he was slow, he was courteous, he was wrong.”

KING JAMES I. (*b.* 1566, *d.* 1625) ON TOBACCO SMOKING.

After Pope Urban VIII.’s Bull against Smoking, King James I. issued his “Counterblast to Tobacco.” He characterises it as “a custom hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrid Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.”

THE CZAR NICHOLAS I. (*b.* 1796, *d.* 1855) AND THE JEWISH Sentry.

The Marquis de Custine, whose work on Russia some sixty years ago excited a good deal of attention, tells a curious story which is probably now forgotten. It is the custom in the Greek Church on Easter Sunday for each person to kiss the first

person he meets and to salute him with the words, "Brother, Jesus Christ has risen to-day." The Czar, like every one else, complies with this custom.

It happened that the sentry stationed outside the bedroom of Nicholas I. one Easter Sunday was a Jew, and the brave fellow replied to the Czar's salute, "'Tis false." The Czar was staggered for the moment, but, much to his credit, overlooked the incident.

ALEXANDER SPOTTISWOODE, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA, 1710-1722.

The Governor thus addressed the House of Burgesses :—

"To be plain with you, the true interest of your country is not what you have troubled your heads about. All your proceedings have been calculated to answer the notions of the ignorant populace, and if you excuse yourself to them you matter not how you stand before God or any others to whom you think you owe not your elections. In fine, I cannot but attribute these miscarriages to the people's mistaken choice of a set of representatives whom Heaven has not endowed with the ordinary qualifications requisite to legislation, and therefore I dissolve you."

[NOTE.—How well this criticism applies to most representative assemblies at the present time; but where are the men in authority to speak out plainly like Governor Spottiswoode?—L. H.]

RICHARD STEELE (*b. 1672, d. 1729*)

says somewhere that the only difference between the Church of Rome and the Church of England is that the Church of Rome is infallible and the Church of England never wrong.

THE ACT OF DEATH.

The great surgeon, John Hunter (*b. 1728, d. 1793*), on his death-bed said : “ If I had the strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy a thing it is to die.”

[NOTE.—When I was a young man—some fifty years ago—I was, like most young people, curious about the act of death and asked an old Indian Army surgeon what was his experience. His answer was : “ During my long life I have seen many come into the world and many go out, and my observation is that people go out of the world with the same unconcern that they come in.”

My own experience as an old man, which has of course been much smaller than that of my old friend, coincides with his.—L. H.]

FROM SCHOPENHAUER (*b. 1788, d. 1860*).

“ The great men of all times have said the same, and the fools—that is, the immense majority of all times—have always done the same—that is, the opposite of what the wise have said.”

SLEEP.

I remember an old physician to whom I quoted the old proverb, "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool," retorting that the fool was the wisest of the three.—L. H.

FROM THE *TI^MES* OF SEPTEMBER 25, 1897.
(Under the heading of "Births.")

"TYACKE.—On the 21st at Kildare St., Dublin, the wife of H. D. T., a daughter (daughter of Major U. Strawberry Hill King's County)."

EXTRACT FROM "THE WAGES OF SIN," BY LUCAS MALET.

"For the place was thick with memories, and memories are precious bad company. If evil memories, wholly bad. If sweet memories, bad company still; since what they speak of is gone and lost to us, useful only for the furnishing of that House of Regrets for which in youth we bake the bricks, of which in manhood we build the walls, wherein in old age we live."

MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN (*b. 1829, d. 1894*) ON
LAWS OF NATURE.

In an article Mr. Justice Stephen writes: "If the word 'law' were reserved for law, as defined by Mr. John Austin, who was in this matter a disciple of Hobbes, and, instead of talking of laws of Nature

we spoke of formulas or rules for understanding nature, all this would be avoided ; an immense amount of obscure and often heated language would be laid aside, and a variety of subjects would fall into their proper places."

THE THEOLOGICAL OPINIONS OF MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN.

In a letter to Sir William Hunter of 1873 the eminent judge wrote: "As to my theological opinions, I should have thought that they were as plainly intimated in the last chapter of my book ("Liberty, Equality and Fraternity") as was necessary. However, if you care to know more explicitly what I think, it is just this : I do not believe the New Testament to be true. To my mind, the whole history of Christ, so far as it is supernatural, is legendary. As to Christian morals, I cannot regard them as final or complete. As to natural religion, I think that the two great doctrines, God and a future state, more probable than not, and they appear to me to make all the difference in morality. Take them away and Epicureanism seems to me the true and only doctrine. . . . But I have a deep-rooted conviction which goes below every other belief that in the long run truth is, of all things, the most expedient. Indeed, this is about the only article of faith which is to me impossible to doubt. I should be more or less puzzled if I were called upon to prove the truth of that opinion."

THE FOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES.

From "Senator North," by Gertrude Atherton.

"And the fools are more dangerous in the United States than elsewhere, because they are just bright enough to think that they know more than the Almighty in His best days."

GEORGE III. (*b. 1738, d. 1820*) AND TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill, in his edition of Boswell's Johnson, mentions, in illustration of the difficulties of travelling in Dr. Johnson's time, that George III., up to the age of 34, had never seen the sea, or travelled more than thirty miles from London.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Earl Lytton, *b. 1831, d. 1891*.

Sir William Hunter relates that in a talk with Lord Lytton, the then Governor-General of India, about the relations between the Government and the Indian Press, Lord Lytton remarked, "Falsehood goes twice round the world while Truth is putting on her boots. Our object is to give Truth a start."

FROM "EREWHON REVISITED."

"It has been said that though God cannot alter the Past, historians can; it is perhaps because they can be useful to Him in this respect, He tolerates their existence. Painters, my father now realised, can do all that historians can and with greater effect."

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS AND POLITICIANS.

In the *North American Review*, December, 1901, Professor Shaler, in an article on the Chinese and the Exclusion Act, quotes Joaquin Miller as follows : "But there is nothing in the world so conscienceless and cowardly as the American newspaper—except perhaps the average American politician."

CHARITABLE ACTS IN THE PAST.

From "History of London," by John Stow (*b. 1525, d. 1605*).

"Such a Prelate was Ethelwald, Bishop of Winchester in year of Christ 963. He, in a great famine, sold away all the sacred vessels of his church to relieve the almost starved people ; saying that there was no reason that the senseless temples of God should abound in riches and the living temples of the Holy Ghost to lack it."

FROM LANE'S "MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE MODERN EGYPTIANS."

"It is a very remarkable trait of the people in Egypt and other countries of the East that Moslems, Christians, and Jews adopt each other's superstitions while they abhor the most rational doctrines of each other's faith."

[NOTE.—I fancy that most European nations are much the same in this respect.—L. H.]

ARCHBISHOP MAGEE (*b.* 1821, *d.* 1891) AND W. E.
GLADSTONE (*b.* 1809, *d.* 1898).

In the Life of Dr. Magee an amusing retort of his to Mr. Gladstone is given. During the passage through the House of Lords of the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1871, Magee, who was by far the ablest opponent of the Bill in the House of Lords, met Gladstone one evening at a reception. Gladstone said to Magee, "I am sorry, my Lord, that you disapprove of some of my dealings with the Irish Church Bill," to which Magee replied, "I do not mind your dealings, sir, but what I do object to is your shufflings."

ARCHBISHOP MAGEE AND GOVERNMENT BY
HYSTERIA.

In a letter of 1878 Dr. Magee wrote : "Surely of all governments that by hysteria is the worst, and England is being more and more governed by the hysteria of half-educated men and women."

BISHOP CREIGHTON (*b.* 1843, *d.* 1901) AND THE
WELL-INFORMED MAN.

The Bishop wrote : "The well-informed man nowadays is the man who can give us a number of more or less inaccurate statistics about most subjects."

ADJECTIVAL POWER.

On the Kingston Bench the other day, I heard a witness state that "It was the man who was knocked down's fault."—1902.

FROM MATTHEW ARNOLD (*b.* 1822, *d.* 1888).

Matthew Arnold relates this : “I remember when I was at Oxford a Bampton Lecturer incurred much ridicule by this passionate adjuration from the pulpit : ‘I beseech you, brethren, in the mercies of Christ that you hold fast to the integrity of your anthropomorphism.’”

[NOTE.—I fancy that the preacher’s anxiety was needless. Most of us seem incapable of conceiving of a God other than a very powerful human being, and consequently have created a God in our own image.—L. H.]

Arnold writes of F. D. Maurice : “That pure and devout spirit, of whom, however, the truth must be told, that in theology he spent his life beating the bush with deep emotion and never starting the hare.”

DR. JOHN BROWN ON MATTHEW ARNOLD.

In one of his letters Dr. John Brown writes : “The great Matthew looks at the Universe—and for that part at God—through an eyeglass, one eye shut—and a supreme air.”

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON STYLE.

Mr. G. W. Russell, in his “Reminiscences,” mentions that in the course of talk Arnold exclaimed, “People think that I can teach them style. What stuff it all is ! Have something to say and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style.”

HIPPOLYTE TAINÉ (b. 1828, d. 1893) AND
PREVOST PARADOL.

Taine, writing to Paradol in 1849, when both were young men, about a common friend (Planat) whom Paradol had described as so different from both of them as to make a continuance of friendship impossible, says, "It would be a fine thing if a circle became angry with the square because all the parts of the square are not all equi-distant from the centre; and if the square excommunicated the triangle because the triangle has not four sides. We three represent the circle, the square and the triangle. Let us live in concord, and in virtue of the very differences of our natures new properties will be born out of our union."

"HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."

In an article on Taine's book in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, 1885, the reviewer remarks:—

"It is time to call things by their right names and say that the Terror, the Jacobin conquest and domination were not in the least the doing of the French people taken as a whole; as they were not at all a noble if misguided effort to establish liberty; but simply an outburst of the rascality and blackguardism of the country, which the old Monarchy had so paralysed for all political action, that it was unable to defend itself. The rascality of London would at any time do as bad or worse if it had the opportunity; it once did for

a moment during the Gordon Riots. The Jacobin rule was a gigantic and prolonged Gordon Riot, which had time to methodise and regulate its burglary, arson and murder."

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE, BY MARTIN LUTHER (*b. 1483, d. 1546*).

"If any one sets up the observance of Sunday on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it, to do anything that shall remove this encroachment on Christian liberty."

[NOTE.—Calvin, who was wont to play bowls on Sunday, stated that Sunday should never be kept by the suppression of all amusements.

John Knox was wont to sup in company on Sunday, and Mr. Lecky states that there is no reason to suppose that his views about Sunday were different from those of the Continental Reformers.]

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

A volume on the Talmud published in 1906, the name of which I have omitted to record, mentions an intricate and conflicting discussion of old whether it constituted "work" for a man on the Sabbath to use a wooden leg or an artificial tooth. To blow out a candle on the Sabbath from motives of economy was a sin, coming under the head of work, but to blow out a candle for fear of an evil spirit or robber was not a sin.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE IN THE ISLE OF SKYE.

A writer in the *Outlook*, describing an autumn visit to Skye, remarks : "The Skye crofter's religion is of such a strictness that he will hold it wicked to join a parish room set up for the encouragement of temperance, and he will stop you on the road—*experto crede*—to lecture you on the wickedness of exercise on Sunday. 'It is a new thing in Skye,' said to me one such in the October of 1907—'it is a new thing in Skye to see men walking out on the Lord's day.'"

THE SUNDAY OBSERVANCE QUESTION AT
LIVERPOOL.

According to a report in the *Free Sunday Advocate* of September 1, 1888, a meeting of the Liverpool Town Council was held, which discussed a motion in favour of lending the Rotunda for Sunday lectures and sacred music. The motion was carried by 18 to 4 votes :—

"Dr. Cross, one of the Town Council, wound up a vindictive speech against the motion as follows, viz. :—

"Though he might be called a bigot, he said that those who supported the opening of Museums and such places on Sundays ought to slap the snout of the Almighty with the back of their hand and bid Him defiance."

THE CONTINENTAL SUNDAY.

The Brussels Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in November, 1905, described the happy way

of spending Sunday abroad and ended his letter as follows: "I have learnt to love the Continental Sunday for its benefits to the masses, for the happiness it gives, and the smiles to careworn faces."

RUSSIAN DECEIT IN DIPLOMACY.

Describing the perpetual deceit of the Russians, Professor Asakawa in 1905 observes: "The moment a complete diplomatic machinery relies upon subterfuge for its success, its ingenuity will be taxed to the uttermost or its unity will be in danger; for it will not be easy to make the entire body of diplomatic agents speak the same untruths at the same time."

PLUTARCH THE HUMANE (b. 46 A.D., d. 120 A.D.).

From the *Contemporary Review* of Feb., 1905.

"He certainly inculcates kindness to all animals. He says 'kindness and beneficence should be extended to creatures of every species, and these still flow from the breast of well-natured man as streams that issue from a living fountain; and, were it only to learn benevolence to human kind, we should be merciful to other creatures.'

[NOTE.—It is thought that most likely Putarch never heard of Christ or Christianity. His injunctions to kindness to what we are pleased to call "the lower animals" are in strange contrast to the silence of the Bible on this subject—a silence which, I suppose, led the Roman Catholic Church to teach that we owe no duty to the lower animals because

they have no souls. Even in England and other Protestant countries the inculcation of kindness to animals is very modern.—L. H.]

WHO LIGHTS THE FAGOT ?

“It has been well asked and answered, ‘Who lights the fagot ?’ It is not the firm faith but the lurking doubt” (Mr. Herbert Paul).

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

In an article in the *North American Review* for July, 1904, it is stated that “the great Dr. Bellamy capped the climax of the view (that the joys of the blessed are increased by witnessing the sufferings of the damned) by an elaborate calculation, ‘based on science and philosophy,’ that the happiness of the blessed would be increased nine thousand six hundred million times on account of the misery of the damned.”

Samuel Hopkins, another American divine, expressed his opinion that the sight of hell would be “most entertaining to all those who love God and would be the highest and most ineffable pleasure.”

[NOTE.—A fellow Civil Servant, at the time of his death about the year 1897, a man who held a high position in the service, and who possessed a very kind heart, told me that the strongest objection that he saw to the view of the annihilation of the wicked, was that the blessed would be deprived of the pleasure, promised in the New Testament, of witnessing their torments.—L. H., 1908.]

THE TONE OF ENGLAND IN ABOUT 1820.

From a Speech of Sir Robert Hall.

“The tone of England—of that great compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy and newspaper paragraphs, which is called public opinion.”

[NOTE.—What public men at the present day would have the pluck to use such language?—L. H.]

JOHN RUSKIN (*b. 1819, d. 1900*) ON JOHN STUART MILL (*b. 1806, d. 1873*).

Ruskin in one of his letters to C. E. Norton describes Mill as “an utterly shallow and wretched segment of a human creature.”

BY J. K. STEPHEN (*b. 1859, d. 1892*).

“It may be true that Heaven lies about us in our infancy; but that is no reason why we should lie about Heaven in our old age.”

FROM MONTAIGNE (*b. 1533, d. 1592*).

“There is nothing so certain, resolute, disdainful, contemplative, grave, and serious as the ass.” Montaigne had a great dislike to people who were cocksure.

MAETERLINCK ON HUMAN LONELINESS.

“We are alone, absolutely alone on this chance planet. Amidst all the forms of life that surround us not one, except the dog, has made an alliance with

us ; most are unaware of our existence and not one loves us."

FROM ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE (*b. 1805, d. 1859*).

" Nations are like men : they are still prouder of what flatters their passions than of what serves their interests."

ELIZABETHAN VOYAGERS AND ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

Professor Walter Raleigh traces the relation of the deeds of the voyagers to the literature of their time. "The new ferment wrought in a deep and hidden fashion in the temper and habits of the mind. All preconceived notions and beliefs concerning cosmography, history, politics and society were made ridiculous by the new discoveries. That marvellous summertime of the imagination, the Elizabethan Age, with all its wealth of flowers and fruit, was the gift to England of the sun that bronzed the faces of the voyagers and of the winds that carried them to the four corners of the world."

THE LATE JOHN HAY (*b. 1838, d. 1905*).

The *National Review* for August, 1905, thus describes the late John Hay : "We may sum up in a single sentence of singularly melodious beauty from an address he delivered at the Omar Khayyam Club of London in 1897 :—

"Without rage or defiance, even without unbecoming mirth, look deep into the tangled

mysteries of things, refuse credence to the absurd and allegiance to arrogant authority, sufficiently tolerant of fallibility to be tolerant to all opinions, with a faith too wide for doctrine and a benevolence untrammelled by creed, too wise to be wholly poets and yet too surely poets to be implacably wise.'"

A SENATOR FROM TEXAS.

Mr. Anderson White in his autobiography writes : "There was a Senator from Texas who concluded a panegyric on his State by declaring that 'all that Texas wanted to make it a Paradise is water and good society' ; to which another Senator instantly retorted, 'Why, that is all they need in Hell.'"

DUTY TO THE STATE, BY MR. BOWDEN SMITH.

"In England we hear much about the duty of the State to the People, but nothing about the duty of the People to the State." Mr. Bowden Smith was arguing in favour of a general military training.

CAPTAIN MAHAN,

in his "From Sail to Steam," tells a story of John Hay, who shared Captain Mahan's conviction that a nation which shrinks from its duty to other nations from love of ease or fear of responsibility will sink into the helpless position which it merits. John Hay, in speaking of this question, remarked, "Said a pious girl, 'When I realised that personal ornaments were dragging my immortal soul to hell, I gave them to my sister.' "

FROM "LAW AND OPINION IN ENGLAND," BY
PROFESSOR ALBERT DICEY.

Mr. Dicey quotes the following dictum, which he says is attributed to Oliver Cromwell, *viz.* :—

"No one goes so far as the man who does not know where he is going."

As an illustration of this Mr. Dicey mentions that Gladstone was a vehement opponent not only of the Ten Hours Act, but of legislation preventing women and children from working below ground in mines.

LORD NELSON (*b.* 1758, *d.* 1805) ON THE SERMON
ON THE MOUNT.

The great Admiral was a devout man and very regular in saying his prayers. He was, however, wont to record what he thought, of which the following is an illustration :—

"I am not such a hypocrite as to bless them that hate me, or if a man strikes me on the cheek, to turn the other. No, knock him down, by God!"

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS (*b.* 1806, *d.* 1863)
An Anecdote.

His wife, Lady Theresa Lewis, was told in confidence that Sir George was to be offered the post of Secretary for War. She replied that he was quite unfit for it, as he knew nothing about military affairs. "Oh," said her informant, "there is a great deal of civilian work to be done, there are all the accounts to be dealt with." To this Lady Theresa

replied, "Why, he could not keep his own accounts." "Well," said the other "there is the Commissariat to be looked after." "Why," said Lady Theresa, "he cannot order his own dinner." "But," said the other, "the clothing department is very important." "Why," retorted Lady Theresa "he can't order his own clothes; if it weren't for my daughter he would never have a decent coat on his back." However, Lewis became Secretary for War, in spite of Lady Theresa's objections, and no doubt did his work very well.

It was Lewis who made the well-known aphorism, "Life would be tolerable if it were not for its amusements."

FROM THE "ROSE GARDEN" OF SA'DI.

"There was a Dervish who heard a man with a very unpleasant voice reading the Koran aloud and who exclaimed, 'I am reading not for money, but for God's sake,' to which answered the holy man, 'Then for God's sake do not read.'"

FROM "BYGONE YEARS," BY THE HON.

F. LEVESON-GOWER.

When in Ceylon the author met Mr. Chapman, Bishop of Ceylon, who had been Mr. Gower's tutor at Eton. Mr. Gower describes Mr. Chapman as a kind but very pompous man who at Eton used very absurd phrases such as instead of "Shut the door," "Let the guardian of secrets revolve on its axis," and instead of "Snuff the candle," "Deprive the luminary of its superfluity."

AN ANECDOTE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD
(*b.* 1804, *d.* 1881).

Sir William Fraser, in his amusing reminiscences, tells the story that one day Lord Beaconsfield asked him who wrote the line, "Small by degrees and beautifully less," and that he answered correctly, "No one." Lord Beaconsfield told him that he was the first person of the many Lord Beaconsfield had asked the question who gave the right answer.

"Small by degrees and beautifully less" is a careless but generally accepted rendering of a line by Matthew Prior in praise of the bust of a lady whom he greatly admired—"Fine by degrees and beautifully less."

THE ANNIVERSARY OF PENNY POSTAGE.

The 10th of January, which in 1906 was the sixty-sixth anniversary of the introduction of Sir Rowland Hill's system of a uniform penny postage, is always borne in mind by Sir Rowland's descendants, of whom I am one. I made the note that, so far as I can judge, most people of the younger generation at the present time imagine that penny postage has always been in force. Not a few, I fancy, think the same of steamboats and roadways.—L. H.

MADAME DE GENLIS'S LIBRARY.

From "The Victorian Chancellors."

"Abraham Hayward told of Madame de Genlis an invented pleasantry, as he admits, viz., that she

kept her books in detached cases, the male authors in one and the female authors in another. 'I suppose,' said Lord Lyndhurst, 'she did not wish to add to her Library.'"

MR. SERGEANT SPANKIE,

during his canvass for a seat in the Parliament of 1835, was told by a surly Finsbury tradesman that he would sooner vote for the devil than for a Tory. "But suppose that your friend does not go to the poll ?" said the Sergeant, with an insinuating smile.

ENGLISH RULE IN INDIA.

Professor Vambéry, in his "Western Culture in Eastern Lands," quotes the following encomium on England: "If England were to lose all its intellectual heroes of the past, what it has done for India would be enough to render its name immortal."

Vambéry also quotes John Stuart Mill as follows : "The British Government in India is not only one of the purest in intention, but one of the most beneficent in act ever known among mankind."

FROM "LADY BALTIMORE'S FAN."

1. "Juno's agreeable habit—a habit grown familiar in the house—was to sprinkle about along with her vitriol liberal quantities of the bi-product of inaccuracy."

2. *Motor-cars.*—"A hiss of sharp noise spurted from the automobiles, horses danced, and then

smoothly the two engines were gone with their cargo of large distorted shapes, leaving behind them—quite as our present epoch will leave behind it—a trail of power, of ingenuity, of ruthlessness, and a bad smell."

3. "A Boston friend defines the Mission of the United States to be to vulgarise the world."

A DEFINITION OF RELIGION.

Professor Ray Lankester, in the course of his inaugural address at the meeting of the British Association at York in 1906, quoted the following definition by the late Bishop Creighton, viz :—

"Religion means the knowledge of our destiny and the means of fulfilling it."

[NOTE.—This is at least something definite, which is rare in any definition of religion that I have come across. Men of science, according to Bishop Creighton, are quite as religious as divines.—L. H.]

LADY DERBY ON MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

In 1882 Lady Derby wrote to Froude : "I like Chamberlain. He knows his mind. There is no dust in his eyes, and he throws no dust in the eyes of others."

THE SPANISH CHARACTER.

King Ferdinand of Aragon (*b. 1452, d. 1516*) gave the following description, viz., "Spaniards were ever a nation of warriors, and also most undisciplined ;

everybody wants to be in command and nobody consents to obey. Every Spaniard knows how to fight, none knows how to command himself or others."

[NOTE.—This was very much Wellington's experience of the Spanish troops in the Peninsular War. The Duke found it far easier to train Portuguese into trustworthy soldiers than the Spaniards.—L.H.]

A NOVEL TITLE.

The Maharajah of Kapurthala, in his book of Travels, gives one of the titles of the Sultan of Solokarla in Java as "Nail of the Universe" a distinction which is new to me.—L. H.

FROM *LIFE* (NEW YORK) OF FEBRUARY, 1906.

Life gives a new rendering of the American aphorism which Lincoln accepted, viz., government of the people, by the people, for the people, viz., "Government off the people, buy the people, against the people."

This rendering is illustrated by a fancy portrait of an American "boss" as one of the principal corrupters of government in the U.S.A.

"SAYENARA."

This Japanese word for goodbye means "As it must be." Why should we not substitute it for the meaningless and threadbare "So long"?—L. H.

THE LATE HENRI DE BLOWITZ (*b.* 1825, *d.* 1903).

De Blowitz, in his amusing Memoirs recently published, commenting on the great reticence of the German diplomatists at the Berlin Conference, as compared with the talkativeness of the diplomats at Congresses held in Paris remarks, "In Paris the fish talk; in Berlin the parrots are silent."

De Blowitz managed, however, in what way he never would avow, to get hold of a copy of the Treaty of Berlin in time for the *Times* to publish it at the very hour it was being signed. It is evident from his Memoirs that De Blowitz, like not a few other Pressmen, never scrupled at any means of getting information for his employers.

INALIENABLE RIGHTS.

It is a curious fact that those people who maintain the inalienable right of every free-born Briton to refuse to lift a hand in defence of his country are usually the people who claim and exercise what they regard as their equally inalienable right to criticise in the most offensive ways the doings of the Government of other nations.—L. H.

POLITENESS OF CHINESE PHILOSOPHERS.

A writer in the *Times* a few years ago contrasted the bitterness of religious controversy between theologians in the so-called civilised countries with the politeness with which a Chinese philosopher discusses his religious beliefs with another

philosopher of a different creed. "What news" (he exclaims) "can you give me of your great and glorious creed? My own contemptible faith remains where it was."—L. H., 1906.

WRONG COLLOCATION OF PHRASES.

A friend, who was staying in Ilfracombe during the season of 1906, received a printed notice, from which the following is an extract:—

"The Missioner will be glad to see any one willing to help or who may be seeking the Saviour at his summer address, —Terrace, Ilfracombe."—L. H.

THINGS NOT MEANT EXACTLY THAT WAY.

Under this heading an American newspaper of 1894 quoted the following advertisements, viz.:—

"A Lady wants to sell her piano as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"Furnished apartments, suitable for a gentleman with folding doors."

"Wanted, a room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"Lost, a collie dog, by a man on Saturday answering to 'Jim' with a brass collar around his neck and muzzle."

"Bull-dog for sale. Will eat anything. Very fond of children."

"A clerk wanted who can open oysters, and references."

“Wanted, an organist and a boy to blow the same.”

“Wanted, a clerk to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.”

“Lost, near Highgate Archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle.”

“To be disposed of, a small phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable headpiece as good as new.”

THE WORD “TRANSPIRE.”

The *Daily Graphic*, which is known generally for its correct English, shows that in September, 1905, one of its reporters imagined, like many ill-educated people, that “transpire” and “occur” are identical in meaning.

In an account of a confidential interview the day before between Lord Elgin and Dr. Jamieson at the Colonial Office, the reporter concludes with the statement that what “transpired was strictly private,” and that he was therefore unable to state what had taken place. Skeat gives the meaning of “to transpire” as “to come out”—literally, to escape through the pores of the skin. John Stuart Mill said “that to use ‘transpire’ as a mere synonym for ‘to happen’ is a vile specimen of bad English.”

A CAMBRIDGE DON FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Sir Leslie Stephen (*b. 1832, d. 1904*), in his autobiographical reminiscences, tells of an obscure

country parson who, after vegetating for many years in a rural living given to him by his College, was made Head of the College. Stephen, who had never heard of the parson, inquired of a Fellow of the College what kind of a man the parson was. The reply he received was, "In mind he is an idiot, in character a snob, in person extremely dirty, but he is otherwise unobjectionable."

AMERICAN MANNERS.

Leslie Stephen, in a private letter home from the United States in 1864, speaking of American manners, says, "Of the inhabitants of Chicago it is written that the manners are those of bagmen and their customs are spitting." Stephen speaks with great delight of the charm of Russell Lowell's manners, but is generally vexed with the want of grace and charm of manner in the States.

In the *North American Review* of January 1, 1907, the editor, under the heading of "American Manners," states that American manners are improving, and he seems on the whole to be fairly satisfied with them.

For myself, until I first visited the United States in 1894, I fancied that the English and Scotch were the worst-mannered people I had ever met; but three visits to the United States have convinced me that the proportion of people with any charm or grace of manner is much smaller there than at home.

FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF SIR LESLIE STEPHEN.

Leslie Stephen satirised the creed of Kingsley's muscular Christian in the famous formula that he was "to fear God and walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours."

There was a class of conversation—perhaps more than one—which plunged Leslie Stephen in taciturn gloom and made him swear, such as—

"Long discussions about wine, which seems to me the sort of talk in which prize pigs would indulge if prize pigs drank claret instead of pig-wash. After dinner followed the usual talk and smoke in Fawsett's rooms, most of which, equally to my vexation, was upon whist, another subject which offends me, for if above the capacity of pigs, it certainly seems to me to be below the capacity of men."

A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

Leslie Stephen, in a letter to the son of Oliver Wendell Holmes, writes: "When a man begins to speak about his conscience it is pretty safe betting that he is out of order morally or physically."

This is certainly my own observation as a Justice of the Peace in the case of witnesses.—L. H.

RICHARD BENTLEY (*b. 1662, d. 1742*) ON COUNCILS OF THE CHURCH.

Writing on inferences to be drawn from the definitions of Councils of the Church, Bentley in his "Table Talk" quaintly says: "They [divines] talk,

but blasphemously enough, that the Holy Ghost is President of their Councils, when the truth is that the odd man is the Holy Ghost."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON (*b. 1769, d. 1852*) ON RUSSIA.

In 1829 Greville quotes the Duke of Wellington as expressing to him (for reasons given, but too long to quote here) that a revolution must overtake Russia within a short period.

In November, 1904, I made this comment on the Duke's opinion: "Seventy-five years have elapsed and yet no successful or even formidable revolution in Russia has been attempted. Verily the wheels of God grind slowly. We are expecting as the outcome of the forthcoming Russo-Japanese War that a revolution, peaceable or otherwise, must come."—L. H.

S. T. COLERIDGE ON JAMES SHIRLEY (*b. 1596, d. 1666*).

Coleridge, in some marginal notes on the edition of "Beaumont" edited by James Shirley, wrote, "Oh, Mr. Shirley, Mr. Shirley, you may be, and I hope you are, an Angel, but you were an Ass."

MARK PATTISON WROTE—

"Religion is a good servant, but a bad master."

MARSHAL MARMONT (*b. 1774, d. 1852*) AND NAPOLEON (*b. 1769, d. 1821*).

The Countess de Boigne, in her Memoirs, writes: "The Duke de Raguse (Marmont), towards the time

of the fall of Napoleon, explained to me the nature of his connection with the Emperor, in a phrase more or less applicable to the whole nation, 'when he said "*All for France*" I served with enthusiasm; when he said "*France and I,*" I served with zeal; when he said "*I and France,*" I served with obedience; but when he said "*I without France,*" I felt the necessity of separating from him.'"

W.C. MACREADY (*b. 1793, d. 1873*) IN "MACBETH."

Sir Owen Burne, K.C.B., in his Memoirs tells the story that on one occasion Macready, as Macbeth, in the Banquet Scene, exclaimed to the murderer in such awe-inspiring tones, "There is blood upon thy face," that the actor, who should have responded, "'Tis Banquo's then," clapped his hands to his face and called out, "Is there, by God?"

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF YORK POWELL, REGIUS PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AT OXFORD (*b. 1860, d. 1904*).

Women.

"Justice is a rare quality in women, according to my experience; women are merciful and forgiving and even generous, but rarely just."

Irish Historians.

"Irish history is a terrible thing. The Irish hate the plain, unvarnished truth about anything they really love and care for, and those who care for plain, unvarnished truth hate the Irish usually, and the

result is that historians, like Lecky, miss their mark by their stiff attitude."

Tolstoi.

"You think too much of Tolstoi: a childish babbler, a weak, narrow-brained person, humane enough, but no thought; he had gifts, sympathies, intuitions, but lacks brains; falls into silliness, futilities, patent absurdities (that is why he is so popular here); full of foolish religiosity; *artiste malgré lui*."

The Pilgrim Fathers.

York Powell, who describes the Pilgrim Fathers as "a set of hard-gutted, lying bigots," quotes some American who expressed the wish that, instead of the Pilgrim Fathers landing on Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock had landed on them.

The Reformation Period.

"There is blood over the whole history of the Reformation—blood and fire. It is one of the most shocking chapters in the long and unfinished story of human folly and delusions, a pitiful tale of bigoted and besotted ignorance, an outburst of maniacal hatred, a long-drawn-out reign of terror."

York Powell, who was brought up as an orthodox Dissenter, developed an intense dislike of Puritanism. In December, 1900, he wrote to a friend: "I don't know that the Puritan training is so harmful. The natural reaction is so delightful—feeling rid of it like a bad illness and getting it behind for ever, and enjoying the fresh savours and scents

and air and the renovation that some illnesses cause. It is like coming out of a dark gap into a country of woods and waters and the sea in the distance. It is a training, at all events, only dangerous if too prolonged. I myself had no difficulty with it. It slipped off my back (far easier than Antæus' burden), but I have known people who struggled fearfully. The vile thing haunted them like an incubus and tried to strangle them."

THE HOLY MAID OF KENT.

Mr. Edward Bennett, in one of his amusing articles entitled "After Office Hours," in the *St. Martin's Magazine*, describes a visit of his to Aldington in the Romney Marsh, of which in the year 1512 Erasmus was vicar.

Mr. Bennett mentions Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent, in the time of Henry VIII., who was executed for high treason at Tyburn. The poor soul was stirred up by the clergy, in their hostility to the king, to prophesy his death.

But the king had put up with her evil prophecies for many years, and, as Mr. Bennett remarks, he probably agreed with Erasmus in the view that "woman is an absurd and ridiculous animal but entertaining and pleasant."

THE PURITANS AND CHURCH OF ENGLAND DURING THE CONCLUDING YEARS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Mons. Jusserand, in vol. ii. of "The Literary History of England and the English People," writes :

“The attack is now led by the Puritans against the English Church and its hierarchy of well-housed, well-clad, well-fed archbishops and bishops, said to ‘follow a damnable and most devilish course’ and to appoint as parsons such ignorant asses and filthy swine as are not worthy to live.

“Equally violent language is used against the Puritans.

“Most disgraceful diatribes were published in various languages, English among them, during the preceding reign of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary by Romanists against Protestants, and by Protestants against Romanists, and the foulest charges were brought by each side against the families, wives included, of their opponents.”

Mons. Jusserand quotes from the Archives of the Stationers’ Company as follows : “1558-9 A.D.—John Kynge ys fyned for that he ded prynce the nut browne Mayd without lycense.”

ANGLING, MERITS OF.

Sir Henry Wotton (*b. 1568, d. 1639*), who was much given to angling in the company of Isaac Walton, was wont to say that “the art of angling was an employment for his idle time, which was not then idly spent, for angling was after tedious study a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diversion of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness, and that it begot habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.”

BEEF, BEER, AND BED.

In the “Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton” (*b. 1568, d. 1639*), Mr. Pearsall Smith mentions that the Venetians in the year 1618 declined an offer of the help of English soldiers in the war with the Papacy and Spain. The Venetians did not hold a high opinion of English soldiers, who, according to one of their Ambassadors in England, were too dependent on the three B’s—Beef, Beer, and Bed. In the Dutch they had more confidence. The Venetians had, however, a high opinion of the English Marine, and the first English fleet which ever entered the Mediterranean was hired by the Venetians from James I. It consisted of eight or ten English merchantmen, well armed and manned.

A STORY OF THE LATE JAMES HANNAY.

Mr. T. E. Kebbel, in his reminiscences, tells of a rebuke James Hannay gave to a bagman who claimed to be a descendant of Addison. “Addison, sir, left only one child, a daughter, who was an imbecile, a fact which I must allow gives some colour to your story; but as she died without issue I can only regard it as an idiotic fiction.”

SIR EVELYN WOOD AND MAJUBA.

In his recent autobiographical Memoirs Sir Evelyn Wood shows that he was strongly in favour of our defeating the Boers, as he was convinced we could do after the mishap at Majuba and before negotiating peace, and he predicted that making peace as we

did through Gladstone's mastery over his Cabinet would mean another bloody war. Sir Evelyn, being in command in South Africa, had the best means of forming a sound opinion. The Boers were naturally convinced that we would not fight, because we were afraid of them, and subsequently committed themselves to war because they were convinced that, as at the time of Majuba, we, like Gladstone, would run away at the last minute.

FROM "THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EDWIN L.
GODKIN" (*b.* 1831, *d.* 1902).

Mr. Godkin, owing to ill-health, was in Europe during part of the Civil War in the United States and was in 1862 for some time in Paris, when delicate negotiations were being carried on between France and the United States, with the object of preventing any intervention of European Powers.

Mr. Godkin states that there was not a single member of the United States Embassy who could speak French, with the result that an interpreter had to be present even at the most confidential and secret conferences with the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Godkin goes on to state that there was good reason for believing that the interpreter was habitually and successfully bribed by the Confederate emissaries to reveal what took place. He mentions that the Secretary of Legation of the United States at Paris was a common horse jockey from New Jersey.

Mr. Godkin remarks "that the narrowest of all

human beings are your progressive Radicals. They progress as I have seen many mules progress—by a succession of kicks and squeals, which make travelling on the same road with them perilous and disagreeable work."

In a letter of October, 1897, Mr. Godkin writes : "I am more and more inclined to the opinion of the old Englishman who said to me he was in favour of letting every nation go to the devil in its own way."

Of the democracy of the United States, in a letter of 1905, Mr. Godkin writes to a friend in Boston, U.S.A. : "But the situation seems to me this—an immense democracy, mostly ignorant, and completely secluded from foreign influence, and without any knowledge of other states of society, with great contempt for history and experience, finds itself in possession of enormous power and is eager to use it in brutal fashion against any one who comes along, *without knowledge how to do it*, and is therefore upon the brink of some frightful catastrophe like that which overtook France in 1870. The spectacle of our financial condition and legislation during the past twenty years, the general silliness and credulity begotten by the newspapers, the ferocious optimism exacted of all teachers and friends, and the general belief that we are a peculiar or chosen people, to whom the experience of other people is of no use, makes a pretty dismal picture."

Mr. Godkin not long before his death wrote to his wife : "But after all war comes peace ; after all voyages comes the haven ; after all labour comes

rest. Some day I think I shall be able to put over my door Brougham's inscription at Cannes (translated freely) :—

“At port at last, Fame and Fortune both goodbye;
With me you've fooled enough, the game let others try.”

THE CLERGY AND GAS-LIGHTING OF CHURCHES.

Mrs. Synge, in her “Short History of Social Life in England,” in describing the general opposition to the introduction of gas-lighting in 1805, states that “till Queen Victoria's accession (1837) the clergy of some of the leading City churches preached against the introduction of gas into churches ‘as profane and contrary to God's law.’” She mentions that the inhabitants of Grosvenor Square successfully opposed the introduction of gas up to 1842.

FROM “THE LIFE OF LORD WESTBURY” (*b. 1800, d. 1873*).

The biographer remarks that Lord Westbury always forgot the wise old saying, “He that hath a satirical wit, as he maketh others afraid of his wit so he hath need to be afraid of others' memory.”

FROM “MADAME GEOFFRIN : HER SALON” (*b. 1699, d. 1777*).

Madame Geoffrin, who in her Salon (between 1750 and 1777) gathered round her all the most

eminent French men and women of her time, was brought up by her grandmother, a shrewd and capable woman possessing wealth, who is described as being so satisfied with herself that she regarded all ordinary education for a woman as superfluous. She said : "I have managed so well that I have never felt the want of it. If my granddaughter is a fool knowledge will make her self-confident and unbearable ; if she has wit and sense she will do as I did ; she will make up by her tact and perception."

Madame Geoffrin says that her mother taught her in her childhood simply how to read, "but she made me read a great deal ; she taught me to think and made me reason ; she taught me to know men and made me say what I thought of them and told me how she judged." Madame Geoffrin describes further how her grandmother trained her mind and cultivated her powers of observation.

D'ALEMBERT (*b.* 1717, *d.* 1783) AND HIS MOTHER.

Not the least interesting part of Madame Geoffrin's Memoir relates to D'Alembert, who was the illegitimate son of the Marquise Tensin, a most profligate woman, but very clever withal. She had her baby placed on the steps of a church in Paris one winter night, in the expectation that the child would perish before the morning. It was, however, found alive by the church beadle, who took it home, and the child was adopted and brought up by kind folks, a glazier and his wife, in spite of their poverty. The parentage of the child was subsequently discovered

and its father paid for its education. In spite of his subsequent eminence, D'Alembert lived with the old couple and shared their frugal life. He cared little for money, but much for science and the arts.

“With a woman’s ambition for those dear to her, his old foster-mother said to him reproachfully: ‘You’ll never be anything better than a philosopher, and what is that? It is a madman who worries himself all his life so that people may talk about him when he is dead.’”

LORD BEACONSFIELD (*b.* 1804, *d.* 1881) ON
FREE TRADERS.

Lord Beaconsfield once remarked: “I find people without exception in favour of Free Trade, but I find no one in favour of Free Trade without exceptions.”

A PRAYERFUL RAILWAY PORTER.

An amusing story was in the autumn of 1907 going the round of the South-Western Railway suburban lines. It is this:—

A certain railway porter at Wimbledon, much given to prayer-meetings and very fond of holding forth himself on such occasions, hurried off duty one evening to a prayer-meeting, and was invited at once to recite the Lord’s Prayer, but he went slightly off the rails almost at the outset by exclaiming, “Thy Kingdom come, Thy Wimbledon!”

FROM "THE GODS, SOME MORTALS, AND LORD
WICKENHAM," BY JOHN OLIVER HOBBS
(MRS. CRAIGIE) (*b.* 1867, *d.* 1906).

"Whatever his" (Sir Hugh Delamere's) "thoughts may have been, he was not troubled by ideas, and the intelligence in the discharge of his duties at the Bank of England was that of a learned poodle, who, having been taught certain tricks, performs them he knew not why or to what end."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (*b.* 1850, *d.* 1894).

Here is a picture by Stevenson of the life that may be achieved by man:—

"To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but those without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

"CAMP BALL" IN SUFFOLK.

The "Victoria History of Suffolk" describes the popularity in the county for at least three centuries of a rough kind of football known as "Camp Ball." It used to be played without any limit of numbers. In a match between Suffolk and Norfolk on Diss Common in the eighteenth century, with about three hundred men aside, Suffolk won after a contest of fourteen hours, the ground being con-

verted into a battlefield, and there were nine deaths, besides very many injuries. Happily the game seems to be dead in Suffolk now.

CHURCHES IN SUFFOLK.

The "Victoria History" also mentions that at the time of the compilation of the Domesday Book there were as many as four hundred churches in Suffolk, the churches being more numerous than in any other county. Neither Norfolk nor Suffolk rank high in reputation for morality. Norfolk, indeed, according to Dr. Jessopp, has only one claim to distinction as regards its inhabitants, viz., that it has produced a greater number of murderers of the worst type than any county in England.

AUTOGRAPH COLLECTORS.

Mr. William Rossetti, in his reminiscences, tells an amusing story of Miss Christina Rossetti and a Mr. B., a begging-letter scamp, who was often pestering her (by post) for alms. She was wont to send him in response small sums of money with a letter of sympathy. After a time, however, Mr. William Rossetti learnt that the rascal was selling her letters to autograph collectors and made a good thing of the transaction. He wrote to the fellow upbraiding him for his shabby behaviour, adding that what Mr. B. was doing was highly distasteful to the family. To his great amusement he learnt that the fellow had trudged to an autograph seller and sold his own letter.

THE LITTLE SUNLESS LAND.

I have never attempted to write a book and never intend to. I have, indeed, gone so far as to compose the following title-page for a book never to be written by me.—L. H. :—

Title-Page :

THE LITTLE SUNLESS LAND
 (The British Isles)
 by
 L. H.

The opinion has been expressed that God never intended the British Isles to be inhabited by human beings and is probably much annoyed by our uncalled-for intrusion.

DR. FOREL ON OLD AGE AND MENTAL
 OCCUPATION.

Dr. Forel observes : “If any one wants as happy an old age as possible he must first of all never betray his optimism ; second, never brood over the past and the dead ; third, work away to the last breath to keep as much of his elasticity as possible. The peevish discontent of so many old men and women usually rests (when it is not pathological) on their inactivity.”

IS ENGLAND THE ENEMY ?

In a Dublin journal of October, 1907, which is stated to be in close sympathy with the work of

the Gaelic League and Sinn Fein, these words appear :—

“We have many enemies, but England is not one of them. Our enemies are our ignorance, our want of self-respect and self-control, our drinking habits, our scornful neglect of the poor, our weakness and slavishness of character, and our want of cleanliness, neatness, and sanitation in our homes.”

[NOTE.—What Englishman could pass a more scathing criticism ?—L. H.]

GERMAN BREVITY IN TITLE.

Rudolf Lesser in Holborn is advertising the sale of a patented acid as a substitute for food, bearing the name—

“Artlithioglycolliclicorthoeearboxgylic Acid.”

Any abbreviation of the title is deprecated.

AN AMPLE APOLOGY.

From the *St. James's Gazette* of December, 1887.

“Few people probably are more litigious than the Cape Dutch, considering the immense distance that often separates them from their legal advisers. But disputatious though they are, it is unquestionable that on occasion they altogether surpass the Britisher in the strength and completeness of their apologies. Here is an apology translated from the columns of a Transvaal newspaper, *De Afrikaansche Patriot* :—

“I, the undersigned A. C. du Plessis & Son,

retract hereby everything I have said against the innocent Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout, calling myself an infamous liar and striking my mouth with the exclamation, 'You mendacious mouth, why do you lie so?' I declare further that I know nothing against the character of Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout. I call myself besides a genuine liar of the first class. Signed A. C. du Plessis. Witness J. du Plessis, J. C. Holmes."

DENIAL OF AN ALLEGED LIBEL.

From the *Saturday Review* of February 26, 1906.

"A morning contemporary lately reported that the defendant (an anarchist) in a recent libel action emphatically repudiated the authorship of the following paragraph, viz. :—

"'Multiply the ferocity of the hangman by the cowardice of the bourgeois, the hypocrisy of the priest, and the lewdness of the pig—there you have the soul of a magistrate.'"

Though a Justice of the Peace myself, I cannot but admire the neatness and elegance of the description.—L. H.

TWO AMERICAN DEFINITIONS OF THE METHODS OF GOVERNMENT.

I

By Abraham Lincoln (*b. 1809, d. 1865*).

"Government of the People, by the People, for the People."

“Government of the People, for the People, by the best of People.”

These definitions show very clearly the difference between those who regard representative institutions as essential, whether the result be good, bad, or indifferent, and those who regard efficient government as essential whether resulting from representative institutions or not.

Confucius, when asked by the Duke of Thé about the conditions of good government, said : “Government is good when it makes happy those who live under it and attracts those who live far away.”

GERARD WINSTANLEY,

Digger, Mystic and Rationalist, Communist and Social Reformer.

Miss Julia Wedgwood, in an article on Gerard Winstanley, a leveller both before and after the execution of Charles I. and throughout the Commonwealth, describes Winstanley's absolute conviction that he and every man who would listen to the dictates of his conscience was listening to the “Inner Light,” *i.e.*, to the directness of God ; and states that he acted on this conviction regardless of consequences throughout his life. Miss Wedgwood believes him to have been the real founder of Quakerism. Winstanley and his fellow-believers, acting on various Biblical texts to the effect that God had promised to make “the barren land fruitful,” seized on the part of a large common at St.

George's Hill, Surrey, and began digging up the land in order to grow market produce there. This got the sect into trouble with General Fairfax in the Protector's time.

Miss Wedgwood mentions that Winstanley was the only Puritan she knows of who protested against the doctrine of an endless Hell. His first protest was made in 1648 and entitled "The Mystery of God concerning the whole Creation." He asserted that "the belief in endless Hell to be unconfirmed by the Holy Scriptures, as destructive of God's work, and as incompatible with His great goodness." Miss Wedgwood remarks that the Puritan age increased enormously the occupation of men's minds with the idea of Hell.

AN OLD AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER.

Captain Mahan, in his "From Sail to Steam," mentions that some fifty years Captain Decatur, being present at one of the early experiments on steam navigation for American men-of-war, remarked gloomily, "It is the end of our business; hereafter any man who can boil a kettle will be as good as the best of us."

CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

Sir Alfred Wills, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for December, 1907, quotes an epigram by Major Arthur Griffiths—a great authority on prison subjects—which Sir Alfred regards as pregnant with a profound truth :—

"The prison population consists of two distinct

classes : people who never ought to have been sent to prison and people who never ought to be allowed to leave it."

FROM "LONGWOOD CORNER," BY "MR. JOHN HAILSHAM."

Mr. Hailsham, who lives in a remote Sussex village, holds that the Parish Schools have ruined the health of country children. Speaking of the village school children, he says "their pale faces and dull looks and undeveloped frames—a strange alteration within my own recollection from the sun-bleached heads, the walnut complexion, the stout little anatomies that were to be seen before we had learned to imprison the forming age for the best part of the day within stuffy walls."

The truth of Mr. Hailsham's description cannot fail to be admitted by those old enough to remember country-bred children fifty years ago.—L. H.

A CURIOUS FIND.

The Memoirs of the Count de Cartrie.

I was fortunate, when at Torquay recently, to make the acquaintance of Mr. Thomas Dow, the discoverer and rescuer of the manuscript "Memoirs of the Count de Cartrie."

In the year 1900 Mr. Dow had the occasion to visit the house of a lady living in Torquay who was about to move and who had various superfluous articles to dispose of. Among other things that

Mr. Dow bought was a manuscript volume to which little or no value was attached, and which, only by chance, had escaped being used for fire lighting. The papers were worm-eaten, the ink was faded, the handwriting almost minute and very difficult to decipher. It purported to be the autobiographical Memoirs of the Count de Cartrie—a Vendean noble who fought with the greatest gallantry on the Vendean side through the Vendean War of the French Revolution.

At the ending of the Vendean struggle the Count managed, after hair-breadth escapes and by great good luck, to escape to England, and landed at Southampton penniless. He knew something of gardening and earned a living there as a gardener for several years. He was recognised in spite of his humble position as a gentleman and a man of parts. In the latter part of his stay at Southampton, when his sight was failing, he dictated in English the memoirs which Mr. Dow recovered at Torquay.

Mr. Dow, who is an excellent bibliophile, satisfied himself that the Memoirs were genuine, and after many attempts to interest publishers he showed them to Mr. John Lane, who published them in 1906, with an introduction by himself full of interest. Mr. Lane has a friend in Paris, Mons. Pichot, a distinguished genealogist, who, taking the greatest interest in the Memoirs, devoted several months to investigating in La Vendée into their truth. The task was a difficult one, as the names both of the families and places mentioned were all or nearly all misspelt, through the ignorance of

French of the English amanuensis employed by the Count de Cartrie.

In the end Mons. Pichot was able to establish their entire verity. Great search was made in France for any copy of the Memoirs, but none has ever been found, and it was necessary to translate them into French for the use of the French public.

The Memoirs are of extraordinary interest. The Count de Cartrie was born in 1769 and died in 1854. At the fall of the Empire he was able to return to France, where he ultimately received a very small pension for the great services he had rendered to the Monarchical cause.

COKE OF NORFOLK.

Thomas Coke, of Holkham, was born in 1752 and died in 1842. In 1837 he was created Earl of Leicester.

The present Earl of Leicester is the eldest son of Thomas Coke by his second wife. He is now in his eighty-seventh year. Is there any one else alive now in England whose father was born 156 years ago ?

Coke of Norfolk was a man of great mark and elevation of mind and showed extraordinary capacity in farming his large property in Norfolk. All his life he remained a Whig. He was a personal friend of Charles James Fox. He observed the quaint custom of always drinking at dinner to the memory of George Washington.

VOLTAIRE IN ENGLAND.

The Earl of Peterborough, in a letter recently published for the first time, mentioned that Voltaire "had taken leave of us as of a foolish people who believe in God and trust in Ministers, and is going to Constantinople in order to believe in the Gospels, which he says is impossible to do while living among the teachers of Christianity."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (*b. 1807, d. 1892*).

Mr. A. C. Benson, in an edition of the poems of Whittier, quotes a curious passage from a letter of Whittier—curious when one bears in mind that Whittier was a devout Quaker:—

"The soft green of the meadows is climbing on our hills. I find myself terribly rooted to the world. . . . Old Mother Earth seems sufficient for me."

FROM "THE COMMENTS OF BAGSHOT," BY MR.
J. A. SPENDER.

"Promotion by merit is not at all the same thing as promotion by ability. Clever men forget this. Nothing is so embarrassing as unsuitable ability."

"Do not seek far-fetched explanations of the stupidities of clever people. In public affairs things are nearly always as stupid as they seem."

"Twenty wise men may easily add up into one fool."

"Cleverness and stupidity are generally in the same boat against wisdom."

"There is also a kind of education which leaves a vacuum."

"Bagshot held no illusions about education ; he seems to have a rooted belief that the able man is born not made."

FROM "THE FRANCE OF To-DAY" (WENDALL).

"The conception at the root of Royalist tradition is that human nature is so evil as to demand control ; that at the root of Revolutionary tradition is that human nature is so good as to merit freedom ; that at the root of Imperial tradition is that, good or evil, human nature should have its deserts."

MIXED METAPHORS IN ELECTION ADDRESSES.

In the General Election of 1906 an ardent candidate at Peterborough declared that "the marrow of the Education Act was founded on a granite foundation and had been spoken in a voice not to be drowned in sectarian clamour."

At Sunderland an enthusiastic Free Trader said that "Mr. Chamberlain's red herring was coming home to roost."

CARLYLE (*b.* 1795, *d.* 1881), BY MR. HERBERT PAUL.

"There was no republic of letters in Carlyle's house, it was a dictatorship, pure and simple. What the dictator condemned was heresy. What he did not know was not knowledge. Mill was a poor feckless driveller, Darwin was a pretentious sciolist,

Newman had the intellect of a rabbit, Herbert Spencer was the most unending ass in Christendom. Scribbling Sands and Eliots were unfit to tie Mr. Carlyle's shoe-strings, Ruskin could only point out congestiosity of Correggio. Political Economy was the dismal science or the gospel according to McCrowdie (Maccullock).

William Allingham in his Diary records that Carlyle said of Walt Whitman, "It is as though the town bull had learnt to hold a pen."

THE POTATO GOSPEL.

It is said that Dr. Alcott, the father of Louisa Alcott, when in England was expounding to Carlyle the entire reformation of the wide, wide world by means of eating vegetables instead of meat. Carlyle bore it for a while, and at last, losing patience, replied: "Here is Piccadilly, and here it will be a hundred years after you and your damned Potato Gospel are dead and forgotten."

W. E. GLADSTONE (*b. 1809, d. 1898*) IN 1860 IS
DESCRIBED BY CHARLES GREVILLE (*b. 1794,
d. 1865*) IN THE FINAL SERIES OF HIS
MEMOIRS.

(Greville was a man of extraordinary shrewdness, and from his position for many years as Clerk to the Privy Council had the best opportunities of studying the characters of statesmen.)

"He has a fervid imagination which furnishes facts and arguments in support of them; he is an

audacious innovator, because he has an insatiable desire for popularity, and in his notions of government he is a far more sincere republican than Bright ; for his ungratified personal vanity makes him wish to subvert the institutions and classes that stand in the way of his ambition."

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE ON W. E. GLADSTONE IN 1865.

"Il y a en lui, de l'enfant, de l'homme d'état et du fou."

W. E. GLADSTONE AND SIR RICHARD BURTON
(*b.* 1821, *d.* 1890).

Mr. Thomas Wright, in his Life of Sir Richard Burton, mentions that in the year 1885 Sir Richard was at a grand dinner party in London, at which Gladstone was the guest of the evening ; and committed the frightful offence of contradicting the great man, who, after the ladies had left the dining-room, took upon himself to hold forth on Oriental affairs. When the address was ended, Sir Richard, who had been fidgeting a good deal in his chair, turned round and said, "I can assure you, Mr. Gladstone, that everything you have said is absolutely and entirely opposite to fact." The rest of the company were aghast and could hardly believe their ears. Some one hurriedly scribbled on a menu card, which was passed on to Sir Richard Burton below the table level. On glancing at it he read, "Please do not contradict Mr. Gladstone —nobody ever does."

RELIGION AND MORALITY.

Gladstone in his old age wrote :—

“There is one proposition which the experience of life burns into my soul : it is that a man should beware of letting his religion spoil his morality.”

[NOTE.—I think that Gladstone's religion accounts for some of his lapses from straightforward dealing.
—L. H.]

MR. GLADSTONE AND LORD GRANVILLE.

From Lord Cromer's New Work on
Modern Egypt.

Lord Cromer states that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville were perhaps two of the worst imaginable statesmen to deal with such a difficult situation as that in Egypt with the Mahdi. Lord Granville appears to have thought that he effectually threw off responsibility by declaring that he was not responsible.

Lord Northbrook wrote: “As I had the misfortune to be a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, I had to bear the blame with the rest. But I resolved never to serve under him again.”

Lord Cromer remarks that Mr. Gladstone was slow to recognise facts that ran counter to his wishes.

THE LATE ADMIRAL WISE.

Admiral Wise was stationed for some years on the West Coast of Africa. At the time, some fifty

years ago, the men-of-war, mostly small vessels, did not carry a surgeon ; but at the same time each vessel was supplied with a medicine chest, divided into an upper and lower compartment, and it was the duty of the captain, in case of illness, to dispense the drugs according to his own judgment. The plan adopted by Wise was to mix all the drugs together, and to divide the mixture equally into the two compartments, and to label the upper compartment "Starboard Watch" and the lower "Port Watch." When any seaman complained of being unwell, all Wise did was to learn to which watch the man belonged, and to give him a dose of the mixture out of the proper compartment.

ADMIRAL TOGO.

The following is a motto which appeared in a Venetian newspaper, a few days after the news reached Europe of the complete destruction in 1905 of the Russian Fleet by the fleet of Admiral Togo in the Sea of Japan, viz., "Togo tenga tutti" ("Togo takes the lot").

CONGENITAL INCAPACITY TO SPEAK THE TRUTH.

Mr. Lilly, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for January, 1903, describes a conversation he had with the late Earl Grey, a year or two before the earl's death. Mr. Lilly happened to cite a statement made by Mr. Gladstone. "The venerable man replied, sticking his stick excitedly on the floor, 'Gladstone, Gladstone, don't quote Gladstone to

me; I have sat with him in more than one Cabinet, and I know that he is congenitally incapable of speaking the truth.'"

MR. FRANCIS GALTON'S DEFINITION OF EUGENICS.

"The study of the agencies under human control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations both physically and morally."

MR. BIRRELL AS SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

In a letter in the *Spectator* of February 1, 1908, the writer mentions that a local country politician in Ireland, when asked what he thought of the Chief Secretary, Mr. Birrell, replied with delightful candour, "He's the easiest humbugged of any they have sent us yet—and that's saying a big word."

HENRY FIELDING (*b. 1707, d. 1754*).

Fielding, being asked by Lord Denbigh, who spelt the family name Feilding—the way the family spell it still—to account for the difference in the spelling, "I suppose, my Lord," answered Henry Fielding, "that our branch of the family learnt to spell first."

In his "Voyage to Lisbon" Fielding quoted the following saying of Quinn the actor, who, "after taking a nice and severe survey of a fellow-actor, exclaimed, 'If that fellow is not a rogue, God Almighty doth not write a legible hand.'"

FIELDING'S NOVELS AND THE COMMITTEE OF THE
TOWN LIBRARY OF DEWSBURY.

In the year of grace 1907, in consequence of an application from some of the inhabitants of Dewsbury that Fielding's novels should be added to the Free Library, the Committee held a meeting and resolved that each member should read one of Fielding's novels.

At a subsequent meeting the Committee resolved unanimously that the novels were disgraceful, shocking, and not fit to be read by any one, and to mark their detestation of such productions they ordered one of the novels to be publicly burnt, and "Amelia." (which pleased Thackeray because of its extreme morality) was selected for the purpose.

It is believed that the Committee as a precaution against an action for slander ascertained that Mr. Henry Fielding (*b. 1707, d. 1754*) is no longer living.

COMPARISON OF HAPPINESS.

From the "Bird Watchers in the Shetlands,"
by Edmund Selous.

"We 'human mortals' I believe quite underestimate the sensuous pleasures of animals. Their mere ways of moving must often be infinite joy to them, seeing that besides the motion itself—as with the seal, the gnu, or the springbok, the half flying arboreal monkey, or the soaring bird—there is the ecstasy of perfect health and strength and the freedom of perfect nudity—absolute disencumbrance. The first of these may be felt almost

perhaps in as great a degree by some savages, but, if I may judge from my own experience, it never is and never can be by a civilised man leading a civilised life. With us, speaking generally, health is a more negative than an affirmative proposition. To be well is not to be ill."

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Will it ever be settled in this country which is the one thing needful? I fancy that at the present time there must be some hundreds of societies, each bent upon some change which the members, or its paid officers, are convinced should take the precedence of any other change. No one would mind were it not for the flood of reports, circulars, pamphlets, &c., which inundate quiet folks in their homes.

How different was the behaviour of an old Oxford Don, a quaint old gentleman who, on his death-bed some forty years ago, expressed his regret that he had not devoted his whole life to the consideration of the dative case in Greek. He certainly never wrote a pamphlet or attempted to form a society to push this question to the front. I am glad to read of a suggested "New Anti-poke your-Nose into Other People's Business Society."—L. H.

THE RECENT OPIUM EDICT AND ALCOHOL IN CHINA.

Mr. Herbert Giles, Professor of Chinese at Cambridge, in the *Nineteenth Century* for December, 1907,

gives a curious and amusing account of the habits of the Chinese, in the matter of drinking alcohol, prior to the introduction of the poppy and the consequent smoking of opium some 700 years ago. Up to that time Mr. Giles shows that the Chinese of all races were the most jovial of topers. The Emperor, the Empress, the statesmen, the courtiers, the generals, all were usually more or less drunk. When an army had to fight the next day, the officers and soldiers all got drunk, arguing, very reasonably, that it might be their last chance of a drink. Mr. Giles quotes many amusing old Chinese songs, going back to 1,000 years before the Christian era, in praise of alcohol drinking and drunkenness.

Here is the first verse, written in the old days, for the entertainment of the feudal princes at Court :—

“ As the dew on the grass
 With the sun’s rays will pass,
 So we’ll drink through the night
 Till we’re thoroughly tight.”

Lu T’ai po, a poet of the olden times who is supposed to have met his death by tumbling out of a boat when drunk, in a frantic endeavour to embrace the moon, wrote a poem of which the following is the first verse :—

“ What is life after all but a dream ?
 And why should such a bother be made ?
 Better far to be tipsy, I deem,
 And doze all day long in the shade.”

With the general use of opium-smoking, the Chinese have become the most sober of nations.

What, asks Mr. Giles, will be the result, if not a return to habits of intoxication with alcohol, of the abandonment of the use of opium?

Dr. Ayres, the Colonial Surgeon at Hong Kong, states that the use of opium in moderation does no "physical harm, and many medical men have at various times given similar testimony, viz., that opium as smoked in China is less deleterious to the consumer than alcoholic liquors are to the lower classes in Great Britain." "Who ever saw in China" (asked Mr. Giles) "a tipsy man reeling about the crowded thoroughfare or lying with his head in a ditch by the side of some country road?"

Mr. Giles mentions that he "pointed out more than thirty years ago that opium is a more self-regarding vice than drunkenness, which entails gout and other evils upon the third and fourth generations. Posterity can suffer little or nothing at the hands of the opium-smoker, for to the inveterate smoker all chance of posterity is denied."

It would be odd if the crusade against the use of opium fostered in this country and the United States were to result in the return of the Chinese to their old drunken ways. Why should the Anglo-Saxon race always be interfering with the domestic habits of other countries?—L. H., 1908.

THE CHARACTER OF GEORGE III. (*b. 1738, d. 1820*).

From "England and America," by Mary Marks.

"The groundwork of his character was extreme childish simplicity, but it was a very shrewd simplicity . . . he had a very clear vision of every situation . . . and great common sense. He started from the false premises of Divine Right and non-resistance; but from these premises he drew perfectly logical conclusions. Few men in his position have had so many virtues and so few faults, and yet few men have been more mischievous in their day and in their own generation."

THE BEHAVIOUR OF QUEEN CAROLINE (*b. 1768, d. 1821*), WIFE OF GEORGE IV. (*b. 1762, d. 1830*).

In the third volume of her Memoirs the Countess de Boigne gives a detailed account of the scandalous behaviour of Queen Caroline while spending a week at an inn at Rumilly in Switzerland. Madame de Boigne, curious to learn whether the stories about the Queen which had reached her at Geneva were true, on her way to France stayed herself at this inn shortly after the Queen's visit. From what the landlady and her family told Madame de Boigne, which she repeats, Madame de Boigne was quite satisfied of the truth of the stories, which showed that the Queen was a shameless and abandoned woman. The Queen narrowly escaped being stoned by the inhabitants for her disgraceful orgies with her own men-servants.

Madame de Boigne mentions that when Lord Castlereagh went into the study of George IV. to tell him of the news of the death of Napoleon at St. Helena, he said to the King : "Sir, I come to tell your Majesty that your mortal enemy is dead." "What !" cried the King, "can she be dead ?"

Madame de Boigne remarks that if the King had not been loathed in England for his profligacy and evil life, the people would not have sided with Queen Caroline against him.

CHARLES GREVILLE ON GEORGE IV.

Greville, in his Memoirs, says of George IV. : "This account corresponds with all I have ever heard, and confirms the opinion I have long had, that a more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog does not exist than this King, on whom such flattery is constantly lavished."

FROM THE "PROBLEMS AND PERILS OF SOCIALISM," A SERIES OF LETTERS IN THE *SPECTATOR*, BY MR. J. ST. L. STRACHEY.

Mr. Strachey, in his final letter, quotes from Dr. Hodgkin's "Italy and her Invaders," in which the author expresses his conviction that the fall of the Roman Empire was caused by the pauperisation of the mass of the people by wholesale doles of corn and the destruction of the middle class by a system of rates and levies so burdensome that they found it impossible to exist. There was a huge land tax, and cities staggered under a mountainous

burden of rates. Finally, there came what, under such conditions, was inevitable — depopulation. Conditions arose under which the race was pressed so hard on the one side and was so demoralised on the other, that the true Roman stock actually died out.

Dr. Hodgkin writes : "The old weary round will recommence, democracy leading to anarchy and anarchy to despotism, and the national workshops of some future Gracchus will build the palaces in which British or American despots, as incapable to rule as Arcadius or Honorius, will guide mighty empires to ruin amidst the acclamations of flatterers as eloquent and as hollow as the courtly Claudian."

TERROR AND GREED IN IRELAND.

In the second part of a recent article entitled "The New Ireland," by Sydney Brooks, the author states, "'Terror and greed,' I was told by the only impartial man I came across in Ireland, a priest and a Nationalist, yet a most candid and clear-eyed observer—'terror and greed, those are the operative forces of Irish life and politics.'"

Mr. Sydney Brooks, who is by no means a supporter of English rule in Ireland, asserts that terror and greed are forces used in the south, not only against landlords and Protestants but against unfortunate Nationalists of all classes who happen to offend or stand in the way of more influential members of the Land League and other kindred secret societies.—1908.

THE RIGOURS OF QUARANTINE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

When, only a few years ago, the Turkish Government established a quarantine against Egypt, the authorities ordered that all telegrams from Egypt should be fumigated before they were delivered. In vain it was explained that all telegrams are put on paper where they arrive. It was no use. The delay was very great, as it depended entirely on the whims of the disinfecting official when the fumigation should be effected. In 1902 a ship I was on, on its way from Alexandria to Constantinople *via* Smyrna, was kept in quarantine for a week, off Smyrna, although there was at least as much cholera in Asia Minor as in Egypt—where, indeed, there had been only a few sporadic cases.—L. H.

PROPER AIMS IN EDUCATION.

The *North American Review* for April, 1908, contains an article by Colonel Larned entitled "Education from a Military View-point."

Colonel Larned quotes with full approbation the following statement by Herbert Spencer as to the proper object in school teaching, viz.: "How to live—that is the essential question for us—the right ruling of conduct in all directions, under all circumstances. In what way to treat the body; in what way to treat the mind; in what way to manage your affairs; in what way to bring up a family; in what way to behave as a citizen; how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage to ourselves and others—how to live completely."

Colonel Larned also quotes Huxley, who expresses in other words the same views ; and he advocates the system of education at West Point as the proper system of education elsewhere as far as possible. He defines the West Point system as inculcating "a high sense of personal honour and responsibility, a severe standard of discipline, a simple standard of life, a knowledge and reverence for civil and military law, patriotism and good citizenship, courage and self-sacrifice, the capacity to think clearly, professional technical knowledge, physical health and activity."

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